The Outlook

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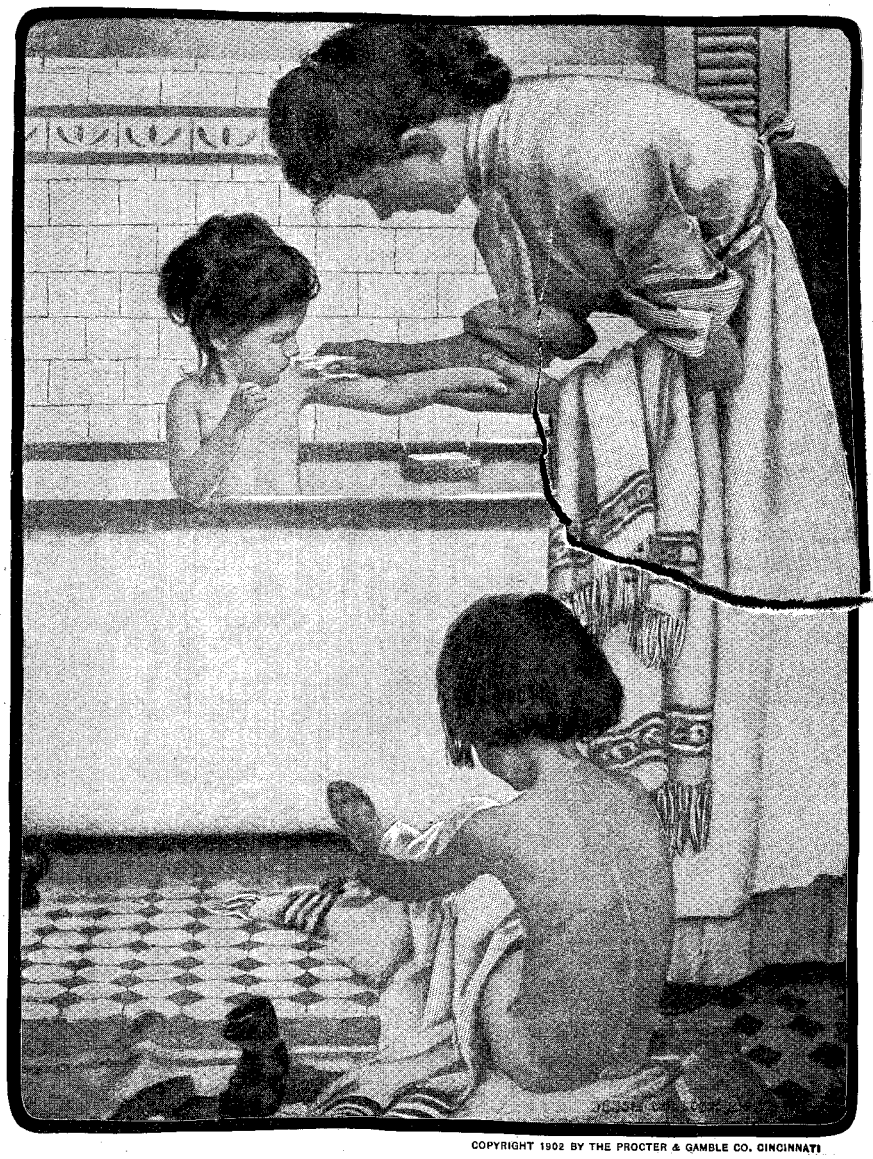

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The Outlook

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The President and the Trusts

It is stated, on what appears to be good authority, that various members of the Administration are devoting a great deal of time and thought to the matter of the proposed legislation dealing with trusts, and that when Congress reassembles in the autumn a measure will be presented which will embody the views of President Roosevelt and some of his most influential advisers. Attorney-General Knox is reported to be at work upon such a measure, and the newspapers declare that Representative Littlefield of Maine has been taken into the councils of the President, and is likely to be prominent in urging the proposed measure upon Congress. It is known that the President is deeply interested in the regulation of trusts; and there is every reason to believe that his interest will take the form of practical suggestion to Congress. It is doubtful, however, whether Mr. Littlefield's relation to the proposed legislation is as intimate as some journals have stated. The probabilities seem to be that a bill will be prepared during the summer, the provisions of which will be divulged to the country in one or two speeches by some member of the Cabinet during the autumn campaign. There is every reason to believe that whatever practical suggestions the President makes will be thoroughly constructive in character, and that the legislation which he has in mind will disclose no features not already outlined in his message of last December and in his speech at Pittsburg. It is not expected that he will take up the matter of tariff revenue in connection with the trusts; but it is quite certain that he will seek in some way to secure publicity in the management of trusts and in all their relations with the public. His course is probably best outlined in a few words from his message of last December: "Publicity is the only sure remedy which we can now invoke. What further remedies are needed in the way of governmental regulation or taxation can only be determined after publicity has been obtained by process of law and in the course of administration. The first requisite is knowledge, full and complete—knowledge which may be made public to the world."

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The President's Vacation

The President's vacation at Oyster Bay, on the south shore of Long Island, is evidently to be a busy one. He is accompanied by a corps of clerks and secretaries, has secured passable if not adequate quarters for the transaction of public business, and is doing his work while the members of Congress are enjoying their vacations in all parts of the country. It is greatly to be hoped that people will give him the opportunity of securing the rest which he needs. The President of the United States is the most overworked man in the country, and he is overworked largely because he is compelled to meet so many people who have no claims upon his attention, and attend to so many matters which do not in the least concern him, either personally or as President. If we are not to kill our Presidents in their prime, we shall have to protect them by recognizing the changed conditions between the time of Mr. Roosevelt and the time of Mr. Jefferson. The official head of a Nation of eighty millions cannot keep his front door ajar for any one who chances to call on him to discuss a local matter; it is physically impossible. Dignified simplicity and proper accessibility ought to be preserved at the White

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House; but it is neither dignified nor sensible to oblige the head of the Nation to shake hands with every American who chooses to call upon him, and to listen to every one who wishes to interest him in projects which do not in the least concern him. The President, if he is to do the work which he is placed in the White House to perform, ought to be relieved of all drudgery, of useless calls, of all interruptions by persons who wish to shake hands with the President simply because he is the President. His time and strength ought to be reserved for thought on great public questions. Congress has endeavored to safeguard his person by a more stringent law against Anarchists; public opinion ought now to safeguard his health, time, and working power by protecting him from the inroads of people who have no real claim upon him, and who consume time which belongs to the Nation without rendering the public any equivalent service.

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General Smith Punished

The action of President Roosevelt in confirming the reprimand to General Smith ordered by the court-martial at Manila and in directing the compulsory retirement of that officer, under the discretion permitting compulsory retirement after the age of sixty, but in this case avowedly because the officer has "so acted as to interfere with his further usefulness in the army," is simply such an application of principles already firmly laid down by the President as all who know him expected. When the facts about General Smith's atrocious verbal orders to Major Waller to "kill and burn," to take no prisoners, and to spare only those over ten years of age were made public, President Roosevelt said: "Nothing can justify, or will be held to justify, the use of torture or inhuman conduct of any kind on the part of the American Army." General Smith's offense in using the language above quoted has been frankly admitted. Secretary Root points out that although these "intemperate, inconsiderate, and violent expressions, if accepted literally, would grossly violate the humane rules governing American armies in the field, yet fortunately they were not taken literally." He adds that "no women or children or helpless persons or non-combatants or prisoners were put to death in pursuance of them," and that they "bore no relation" to the acts for which Major Waller was tried—the killing of eleven native guides or bearers without trial and without consulting headquarters, when Major Waller's company was out of danger and in telephonic communication with headquarters. President Roosevelt, however, declares that "it is impossible to tell exactly how much influence language like that used by General Smith may have had in preparing the minds of those under him for the commission of the deeds which we regret. While the Waller case could not be reopened, and direct punishment is not now possible, the President does not hesitate to describe Major Waller's act as one "which sullied the American name, and can be but partly excused because of Major Waller's mental condition at the time." The entire treatment of this matter by the President has confirmed the belief that, while he honors and believes in the army and understands the provocation in such a war as has been going on in the Philippines, he will not condone or tolerate any exceptional departures from proper military conduct or lapses into cruel treatment of natives.——The most important recent news about the Philippines is the recall of General Chaffee, who will be relieved by Major-General George W. Davis as commander of the Military Department of the Philippines; General Chaffee succeeds General Brooke in the command of the Department of the East in the United States. The force in Mindanao has been strengthened and apparently an active campaign is to begin against the hostile forces of the Moros.

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Political Events in the West

As foreshadowed by the election of delegates to the Republican Convention in Wisconsin, the renomination of Governor La Follette was accomplished by an overwhelming majority. The Convention in its platform supported, with the utmost enthusiasm and without any kind of faltering or compromise, the principle of the primary election as a fundamental and important part of the Republican campaign, reaffirming the declaration of two years ago, both as regards the primary election law and

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the equalization of taxation, and denouncing those members of the Legislature who prevented the enactment of these principles into law. The platform was adopted by a vote of over three to one. In addition to the main provisions just referred to, the platform denounced "the pernicious activity" of Federal officers in opposing the policy favored by the majority of the party in the State, and it indorsed Senator Spooner for renomination as United States Senator, but only on the assumption that he would squarely support the State platform, and especially the primary election doctrine laid down, and formally withdraw his letter declaring that he is not a candidate. The importance and significance of this action of the Wisconsin Republican party were pointed out in The Outlook last week.——Of equal importance and significance in another direction have been several political occurrences in the West, indicating that President Roosevelt's policy in regard to reciprocity with Cuba is to be heartily supported by Western Republicans. Thus in Michigan four candidates for renomination to Congress have been defeated, all of whom were opposed to President Roosevelt's Cuban policy, and the fact that these candidates made their campaign largely on the strength of their defense of the beet-sugar industry of Michigan certainly makes it evident that their defeat has precisely the significance above indicated. In Nebraska also Senator Dietrich has received a rebuff from the Republican State Committee, which has declined to allow him to lead the campaign because of his action in opposing the President. Kansas also has distinctly rebuked Senator Burton for his opposition to the President, and has indorsed Representative Long, who followed the opposite course. Senator Burton's own district, through its Republican Convention, passed a resolution positively demanding that Senator Burton hereafter support the President in his reciprocity policy. The Minneapolis "Journal" declares that the "insurgent" Minnesota Senators and Representatives "find themselves without any real support at home." All these indications are striking evidence that the President was right when he said that a liberal policy toward Cuba in the matter of the tariff would surely come.

Minneapolis Municipal Scandals

Minneapolis, like St. Louis, is having her municipal scandals, only the officials involved are much higher up and occupy a more prominent position, involving no less personages than the Mayor and the Chief of Police. Mayor Ames is under indictment for an attempt to bribe the County Commissioners (the electing body in this instance) to make his private secretary Sheriff of Hennepin County. His anxiety to bring about this result was due to the fact that he sought to control the law-enforcing powers of the city and county. As he was elected on a "wide-open-town" platform, and his Chief of Police is also under indictment, the basis of his desire is not far to seek. The vacancy in the Shrievalty was caused by the removal of the previous incumbent by Governor Van Sant for cause. The duty of choosing a successor devolving on the Board of County Commissioners, the Mayor offered two members of the Board a large share of the salary of the office if they would vote for his secretary. The attempt to bribe failed, and the two Commissioners furnished the Grand Jury with the evidence upon which they founded the indictments. The Chief of Police, who is the Mayor's brother, is to be tried for having accepted "graft" money. The evidence is said to be convincing, and as he has already been convicted of several less serious offences, and as one of his detectives is under sentence and one of his special officers awaiting the result of an appeal (having been convicted before a petit jury), and as a third subordinate has skipped his bail bond, it is generally expected that he will be convicted. The fugitive detective has returned, having been captured, and he has testified to the deal between his former chief and the crooks. Some of the revelations would have been worthy of Tammany in its palmiest days. The result of the disclosures will be to give Minneapolis a vigorous cleaning up and to place the city back again where she belongs among the cleaner of the Western municipalities. The fact that Mayor Ames was nominated at direct primaries illustrates the truth that a democratic method of selecting public officials does not insure the choice of good public servants. Nothing secures that but high standards and constant watchfulness on

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the part of the public, and the direct primary simply makes it more essential that such standards and such watchfulness be insisted upon in every section of the community.

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No Sympathetic Strike

Nothing has been more creditable in President Mitchell's management of the anthracite coal strike than his frank advice to the bituminous coal miners not to begin a sympathetic strike. In his opening address at the special Convention of the United Mine Workers at Indianapolis he urged that such a strike should not be undertaken, not only on the ground of policy and because he believes that as a rule sympathetic strikes fail, but more positively and more forcibly on the moral ground that pledges and contracts made by labor associations should be kept inviolate, even under discouraging and tempting circumstances. The plan counselled by Mr. Mitchell was that the bituminous miners through their district unions should contribute to the support of the striking members, and that an appeal be made to all American trade unions for financial aid. He suggested that the national treasury of the United Mine Workers should contribute fifty thousand dollars from funds now on hand, and that an assessment of not less than a dollar a week should be levied on members of local unions. It was quite certain, after this address of President Mitchell, that there will be no further talk of a general strike of all coal miners the country over. Mr. Mitchell's speech, like his letter in reply to the statement of the operators, is notable among labor arguments for its freedom from rant and appeals to passion. Referring to the pressure which had been brought to bear upon him from some sources to urge on a general strike, Mr. Mitchell said:

> I cannot and will not forfeit my right to that esteem, confidence, and friendship by subordinating my personal conviction of the right and advocating a policy which would, in the end, bring disaster and dishonor upon the organization over whose destiny it is my privilege to preside. I have, during all my life in the labor movement, declared that contracts mutually made should during their life be kept inviolate, and while at times it may appear to the superficial observer or to those immediately concerned that advantage could be gained by setting agreements aside, such advantage, if gained, would, in the very nature of things, be temporary, and would ultimately result in disaster, because a disregard of contracts strikes at the very vitals of organized labor. The effect of such action would be to destroy confidence, to array in open hostility to our cause all forces of society, and to crystallize public sentiment in opposition to our movement.
>
> Sympathetic strikes have many adherents, and the efficacy of such methods appeals strongly to those who, being directly involved in trouble, do not always recognize the effect of their action upon the public mind, but the history of the labor movement teaches lessons which should not be forgotten to-day. I do not know of one solitary sympathetic strike of any magnitude which has been successful. On the contrary, the most conspicuous among the sympathetic labor struggles have resulted in ignominious and crushing defeat, not only for the branch of industry originally involved, but also for the divisions participating through sympathy.

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The Action of the Convention

Little opposition was made in the Convention to the plan proposed by Mr. Mitchell, and the action unanimously adopted followed those recommendations, with the exception that for the most part the assessments were rather to be made on a basis of ten per cent. of the gross earnings of the members of the local unions. The address to the public is in the main a temperate document. In its claims it lays strongest stress on the fact that the wages paid to anthracite miners are extremely low when considered with reference to the great profits that their labor has made possible (Mr. Mitchell has stated that the average annual wages of the miners is $300, hardly more than is received by a day laborer digging in the streets); that the dangers undergone, the unhealthful conditions endured, the severity of the toil, and the degree of skill needed make these wages peculiarly unfair; that the coal companies have refused to have the coal properly weighed, or to permit the miners to employ a man at their own expense to see the weighing; that in many details the petty bosses treat the men unjustly and unfairly; and that the only possible way for the miner to obtain the pay and the treatment he is fairly entitled to is by united action. The United Mine Workers in this address assert very positively that they have used all possible means of solution to adjust the grievances, that they have submitted

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disputed points to arbitration, and that they have always been anxious to submit the present controversy to such arbitration. They add:

As proof of our sincerity we point to the joint convention system of adjusting the wages and conditions of employment from year to year, which we have by our persistent efforts introduced and firmly established in a great majority of the bituminous fields of the United States. For five years we have annually made contracts in this manner with many of the bituminous coal operators, and, notwithstanding the allegations that are persistently made that we are an irresponsible body, we feel proud of the fact that, while it may have been to our financial interests on many occasions to cast them aside, and we were under no legal obligations to any one, we have faithfully lived up to the letter and spirit of every contract we have made, nor shall we violate them now.

Some of the coal operators have been quoted as saying that the question is not one of wages or other conditions of employment, but that they believe it to be an opportune time to destroy the union. Whether they have made this statement or not, their actions indicate that their purpose is to destroy our organization. If it is the purpose of the coal operators to destroy our union, then upon the principle that self-preservation is the first law of nature, we would be fully justified in taking drastic measures to prevent the accomplishment of their designs. We believe we have within our reach the means by which that purpose can be thwarted. No legal power can compel us to work if we desire to remain idle.

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End of the Chicago Freight Handlers' Strike

The Chicago freight handlers' strike came to an end last week with the practical defeat of the strikers. Earlier in the week serious complications were threatened from a sympathetic strike by the teamsters. Many of the teamsters as individuals did refuse for a time to take freight to and from the railroad depots, and while that situation prevailed the tie-up was virtually complete. The officers of the teamsters' union, however, refused to sanction a strike, and insisted that the teamsters continue at work, in accordance with their agreement. In the face of this attitude on the part of the teamsters the freight handlers gave up the contest and returned to work on the terms offered at the beginning of the controversy by the railroad managers, which were, however, an advance on the wages prevailing previous to the formation of the freight handlers' union. The chief dispute was over the pay of truckers, the union demanding eighteen cents an hour, and receding to seventeen and one-half cents an hour. The railroad managers refused to pay more than seventeen cents an hour, and carried their point. The teamsters had been engaged but a few weeks before in serious strikes of their own, which had been brought to an end by conference and conciliation. Following that settlement, the teaming interests of Chicago and the teamsters had formed a joint arbitration board and had agreed to adjust all future differences by arbitration. It was a part of the agreement that the teamsters should not go out on a sympathetic strike. There was widespread interest, therefore, to see how this contract would endure the first serious strain to which it was subjected when the freight handlers went on strike and asked the teamsters to follow them in a sympathetic strike. For a time the issue seemed doubtful, but the firmness of the National Teamsters' officials, especially President Young, caused the sacredness of the contract agreements to be respected. The affair has given rise to considerable discussion in Chicago over the nature of labor contracts and the possibility and the desirability of making them more than merely morally binding upon the parties to them.

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The Retirement of Mr. Wu

The retirement of Minister Wu-Ting-Fang will remove from our public life a man who has made many friends in this country, and who has had the faculty of investing every subject which he touched with interest. He has talked and written at times with great freedom, yet he has shown uncommon discretion. It may be suspected that he has sometimes taken advantage of his assumed lack of intimate knowledge of things in this country to make comments which were, in effect, very keen criticisms. If he has done this he has done good rather than ill; and his sly way of pointing out our infirmities and bringing out our weaknesses has enlightened rather than irritated us. He has been in an uncommon degree a representative Oriental; one who interpreted the East with unusual clearness and skill; and he has aided, therefore, in that great work of mutual

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interpretation which is likely to be one of the most important activities of this century. As diplomatist, his stay in this country has been coincident with the greatest crisis in the relations between China and this country which has ever occurred. He bore himself during that crisis with consummate tact and courage; and the high level from which Mr. Hay treated the whole matter was fully sustained by Mr. Wu's attitude and spirit. It was through him that the first news of the safety of the Peking Legation was received and immediately acted upon by our Government, although in all other parts of the world it was treated as a piece of Oriental falsification. During the whole crisis Minister Wu acted in entire good faith, and was of great service to his country in assisting Mr. Hay in carrying out the policy which has preserved China from the most disastrous consequences of the attempt to destroy foreign influence. It is announced that Mr. Wu proposes to write a book. If he puts into it the double knowledge which he possesses of the East and the West by way of frank and fair criticism, he can do nothing better for his own country, and he can render a service to the whole world.

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The New Chinese Minister

Unusual interest attaches to the appointment of Mr. Wu's successor. Lian-Chen-Tung, who is now Secretary to the Chinese Embassy sent to attend the coronation of King Edward, has been appointed Chinese Minister to the United States. The new Minister has had a very considerable diplomatic experience, having held the post of secretary to three recent foreign missions of great importance; and his services have been recognized by his own Government in various ways. That which gives his appointment peculiar interest, however, to Americans, is the fact that he was educated in this country and is a graduate of Yale University. The policy of the Chinese Government has not been, apparently, to furnish opportunity to the young men who have been educated in America; and the new Ambassador's appointment is a departure from what has been a uniform course of procedure. How much or how little importance the Chinese Government may attach to this fact it is of course impossible to determine; but it is very gratifying to Americans, who will naturally regard the long residence of the new Minister in this country and his education in American schools and at an American university as a prime qualification for conducting the diplomatic relations between the two countries with broad intelligence and in a thoroughly friendly spirit. In a recent interview the new Minister declared emphatically that the people of China are most grateful for the fair dealfng and the friendly disposition which this country has manifested in her recent difficulties, and that China is disposed to do all she can to reciprocate in affording Americans commercial and industrial opportunities in the Empire.

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The British Ministry

The change of Prime Ministers in England, with the retirement of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach from the Exchequer and the prospect of other changes in the personnel of the Ministry, has hardly produced a ripple of excitement. Lord Salisbury's retirement has been so continuously discussed for months past that England seems to have been prepared in advance for the change. Mr. Balfour, in the speeches which he has made during the past week, has declared that he has no new policy to announce. His attitude, however, has been extremely conciliatory. He has said that British rule in South Africa means freedom for all the peoples concerned, and that he looks forward to co-operation, on a basis of permanent peace, among the nations of the world. Mr. Chamberlain appears to have accepted Mr. Balfour's leadership with cordiality; and there are no indications of that division of feeling and severance of interests inside the Conservative party which were predicted when the time came for the selection of Lord Salisbury's successor. That Mr. Chamberlain will have great influence in the new Cabinet is beyond question; and those who doubt his wisdom and dislike his methods fear that his aggressive spirit will not find in Mr. Balfour the resistance which it has sometimes encountered in Lord Salisbury. The liking for Mr. Balfour is so general, even among the Irish, that the only question about his success as Prime Minister arises from the uncertainty

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in regard to his energy. There is no doubt about his capacity, his disinterestedness, his kindliness; there is some question of his power of resistance, his strength of will. It is to be suspected, however, that as Mr. Balfour's light touch often conceals severe labor of preparation and hard thinking, so his charm of temperament masks a resolute spirit and a vigorous will. The air is full of speculations in regard to the appointments which the Prime Minister will make in the near future; but these speculations are, for the most part, mere surmises.

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The New French Ministry

M. Combes, the new French Premier, is giving an impression of strength largely through his candor; and the Cabinet, while free from any suspicion of Socialism, is distinctly Radical. So far it has behind it the Chamber of Deputies, which, by a vote of three to one, has already expressed its confidence in its Ministers and in their programme. Whether the Senate will look upon the programme with as much favor remains to be seen. This programme involves the reduction of the term of military service from three years to two—a measure which is vigorously opposed, as such measures always are, by the army people. The Prime Minister also contemplates effecting a thorough reform in the French system of military discipline by bringing military justice more thoroughly in accord with the principles of modern law, making trials more public, imposing lighter sentences, and improving prison conditions. The Premier has announced his determination to enforce the law against religious associations rigorously, and to punish those members of the clergy who took an active part against the Government in the recent elections. By the terms of the Concordance the French clergy are bound to keep their hands off political affairs, but in many cases this agreement has been violated, and some of the clergy have been among the most determined and aggressive foes of the Government. The Prime Minister proposes the purchase of certain railways by the State and the taxation of incomes. It is on these two measures that the new Ministry is likely to meet the bitterest opposition, especially in the Senate. The opposition to the income tax is well organized; it represents certain very strong interests, and the strength of the Cabinet will be sharply tested. For a great many years no Government has had the courage to impose a tax so widely hated; but there is every reason to believe that the Premier, who has already announced that he will resign sooner than renounce any of the measures upon which he has set his heart, will lack neither the courage nor the persistence to make a resolute fight for this measure.

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Prussia and the Poles

The bill introduced in the Prussian Diet in the last week of May by Count von Bülow, Chancellor of the German Empire and Premier of the Prussian Kingdom, for the "strengthening of Germanism in the Provinces of Posen and West Prussia," has been passed. The Government asked for the appropriation of 350,000,000 marks ($87,500,000) for the purpose of further colonizing Prussian Poland with German settlers. Since Prince Bismarck inaugurated the policy of colonizing Prussian Poland in 1886, there have been appropriated for that purpose 200,000,000 marks. Of the new appropriation, the Government will use 100,000,000 marks for the purchase of estates in the Provinces of Posen and West Prussia, which will be converted into crown domains or will be afforested. That the bill would pass in the Diet, nobody had for a moment doubted, since it had an assured majority in that body among the Conservatives, the National Liberals, and the Government party. The real object of the bill, the Polish Deputies declared when it was introduced, is not so much the "strengthening of Germanism" as the "expropriation and impoverishment of the Polish population." The Radical leader, Herr Richter, opposed the bill, not out of sympathy with the Poles, but because the bill is contrary to the Constitution, which guarantees equality before the law to all the citizens of Prussia. Herr Richter showed that exceptional laws only strengthen the classes against which they are framed. The Polish leader, Herr Czarlinski, declared that "the proposers of this project have lost the remnant of

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the feeling of shame," while Deputy Glembocki concluded a scathing criticism with the words: "We take up the aggravated struggle, proud of the fact that, in accordance with our historic traditions, we are compelled to fight against an overwhelming majority. We will fight! We have justice and right on our side; on our side, too, will be the victory." In the speeches of the Conservatives, the National Liberals, and the Government members, there was evident a certain doubt in the effectiveness of the new project, which shows that they are not sure if the proposed expenditure can crush the Polish element in Prussia.

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Newspaper Comments

The Berlin "Freisinnige Zeitung" says that the new bill does not agree with the ideas of Bismarck, who intended that land should be bought out of Polish hands and divided among German settlers, while the new funds are intended for the buying at a high price of estates from Germans. The "Freisinnige Zeitung" sees in the provision for the creation of crown domains the real object of the new law—the State ownership of the land. The Roman Catholic "Germania" opposes the bill not only because it is contrary to the Constitution and is an injustice to the Poles, but also because the policy of Germanization is a policy of Protestantization also. The Polish "Orendownik" (the Advocate), of Posen, says that this new law will give to the whole civilized world a proper idea of the "paternal" rule of Prussia over "four millions of its own subjects who are peaceably working and serving in the army." The Polish "Gornoslazak" (the Upper Silesian), of Kattowitz, says: "The more we shall feel that a wrong is being done us the more resolutely shall we defend ourselves. The air which we breathe the Prussians cannot take away from us, neither can they deprive us of our corporeal forces and our mental faculties by the aid of which we earn our bread. It is true that in our struggle for bread they can raise difficulties for us, and that in consequence of that we shall oftentimes have to eat brown bread instead of wheat bread, but that, too, may be of advantage to us, inuring and steeling us, and making of us men of steel or granite. . . . Let the Prussian Government, therefore, do its work; we will do ours also, and we shall remain Poles." The scant support given to the Poles by the Roman Catholic Center bids fair to deprive that party of its Polish adherents. Hitherto the Poles have voted solidly for the German Catholic candidates to the Parliament and to the Diet. Now the eyes of the Poles are becoming opened, and there is growing in numbers the party which intends to set up Polish candidates. If this is done, the German party of the Center will lose seventeen members.

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The Fall of the Campanile at Venice

In this age, often described as matter-of-fact and commonplace, it is refreshing to find so universal an expression of regret as that called out by the destruction of the Campanile of St. Mark's. Tens of thousands of American travelers look back to Venice days as the most beautiful and entrancing of foreign experiences, and always one sees in mind as a single and complete picture the Piazza of St. Mark's, with the Cathedral itself, the Doge's Palace, the column with the winged lion, and the old library, all centered about and related to the splendidly simple, towering Campanile. Returned travelers may sometimes amuse their friends by exuberant language in talking of Venice, but those friends in turn, when opportunity offers, succumb to the charm and admit that sentiment in this case is not sentimentalism. The tower itself was a fine historical monument, free from over-ornateness, severe in its outlines, but finely proportioned, so that its great height (322 feet) was at first not realized. It was begun nearly a thousand years ago, but has been twice rebuilt, the last time in the sixteenth century. Its bells and its crowning statue were among the most famous ancient works of art in Venice. As a viewpoint at sunset it was unsurpassed, although, singularly enough, from its summit Venice appeared like a city of one canal rather than of many. The perfect fitness of the old Campanile as one feature of a unique architectural and historic picture makes it indispensable to Venice, and already it is evident that it will be rebuilt and as exactly as possible in its

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ancient form, strengthened interiorly by all that modern building science can suggest. The city of Venice has already made an appropriation to begin the work, the Government of Italy will doubtless aid, and there have already been many contributions from foreign sources; in this country a fund for the purpose has been undertaken by the National Arts Club of this city. Every one will hope that the fears of Professor Wagner, the city architect of Venice, are exaggerated. He thinks that practically the whole of Venice is doomed to destruction; that the subsoil has deteriorated and the piles and pillars are rotten and unable to stand the pressure on them.

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Conditions in South Africa

Recent despatches from Pretoria point out that much discontent exists among the Boers who have recently surrendered, some of them having refused to take the oath of allegiance, while all are bitterly resentful against their former companions in arms who surrendered some time before the close of the war. The source and reliability of these despatches are not well known, but it is likely that they have some foundation in fact. It is natural that there should be a reaction from the first effusive manifestations of loyalty after the close of the war, and that the Boers should tenaciously insist upon the terms under which their racial character and customs may be preserved as long as possible. It is unwarrantable, however, to suppose that their discontent will go to the point of rebellion, at least in the near future. They have, in the first place, an immediate interest in getting back on their farms, and have been supplied with the means of doing so. Again, their language has official recognition, and the school system will be partly accommodated to their prejudices. These two factors will give them plenty of congenial activity and development in the earlier part of reconstruction, and discontent cannot be dangerously promoted under such conditions. The knowledge that their brethren of Cape Colony will not be unduly punished, and that constitutional government will remain in force, is another fact which will reconcile the surrendered Boers to the new régime. They have been assured by their former leaders in the field, some of whom incarnated the popular Boer hatred of Great Britain, that they will get justice and fair treatment, and the example of De Wet, De La Rey and Botha will necessarily have a good effect in preventing popular discontent.

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The Fur Seals

During the closing sessions of the recent Congress there was a lively contest in committee before a bill was recommended to the House authorizing the killing of the fur seals in Behring Sea, unless a *modus vivendi* for their permanent preservation is negotiated. The bill did not pass, but the discussion aroused serves a good purpose in compelling the attention of the British Government to the lack of regulations against pelagic sealing, which is now practiced almost exclusively by Canadians. The cause of the present dissatisfaction of American public opinion on this question is Great Britain's refusal to join this country, Russia, and Japan in making new regulations for the protection of the seals after the expiry of those framed by the Behring Sea Award at Paris in 1893. Those regulations were to be in force five years, so that the sealing season of 1898 was the last to be governed by the provisions of the award. Russia, Japan, and the United States in 1897 made a provisional treaty for the abolition of pelagic sealing. Hoping that Great Britain would be a party to the treaty, Congress in 1897 passed a law prohibiting the killing of seals in the North Pacific Ocean, except as they may be taken by the North American Commercial Company on the Pribyloff Islands; and the importation of sealskins into the American market was also made practically impossible. Lord Salisbury, however, refused to join in the treaty, thus leaving pelagic sealing wholly in the hands of the Canadians. Americans are thus barred by Congress from all pelagic sealing in Behring Sea waters. The destruction of the herds is going on at a rapidly increasing rate. Previous attempts like the bill recently before the House have failed, and the unwisdom of any legislation in the nature of a threat is recognized, though the mere proposal of it may be

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useful in recalling British attention to a very one-sided and unjust state of affairs.

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The King of Italy's Visit to the Czar

Foreign despatches in regard to the recent visit of the King of Italy to the Czar agree in saying that it was more than a visit of courtesy, and that it concerned several matters which would not have been mentioned at such a visit during the earlier years of the Triple and the Dual Alliance. It goes to prove that these two great pacts have lost some of their original antagonistic character, when such subjects as disarmament and the present condition of the Balkan question can be discussed by a member of one alliance with a member of the other without the formal and open approval of all members. Granted that the two alliances have certain large aims, chiefly defensive, which they have tacitly agreed to promote, a member of one of them could, as Italy is now believed to be doing, treat with a power belonging to the opposed alliance regarding a matter which does not conflict with those aims. This has resulted partly from the fact that the sphere of opposed interests is now larger than before, having been largely transferred to the East and leaving certain European complications in a position of less consequence.

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Plans of Dr. Hume

There are two large projects in Ahmednagar, India, which need and deserve support in America. Both are distinctively religious. One is the erection of a new building for the First Church in Ahmednagar; the other is the completion of plans for making the Ahmednagar Theological Seminary a union institution of various missions. In Ahmednagar six per cent. of the population are connected with the Marathi Mission of the American Board; and a still larger number were returned in the last Government census as being Christians. The new building is needed for the growing Christian population. Both these projects have the hearty approval of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, though neither of them can receive financial aid from the Board. The Rev. Dr. Robert A. Hume, who is well known as a missionary of the Board at Ahmednagar, had undertaken the responsibility of raising the funds for these purposes; but after seventy-five days in this country he has found the pressure of work in India recalling him. He is therefore now dependent upon the spontaneous interest of people who believe in the great value that the Christian spirit of mercy, of ministration, and of education is to famine-stricken and fear-ridden India. Of the two projects, the building of the church is the one on which he lays the more stress. The congregation is now between two and three times as large as any that can be accommodated in the present building. Dr. Hume, whose wisdom has been often proved, has again shown his wisdom in his plans for the new building. These plans cannot of course be here reproduced, but their spirit may be indicated by the use of Dr. Hume's own words regarding them: "The building is to be Oriental in design, because I desire to give Christianity in India in every way an Oriental development." Dr. Hume has reiterated his wish that the contributions which may be made to these projects may in no way interfere with gifts for the regular work of the American Board, which, he holds, "is of paramount importance." In reply to a query from The Outlook, Dr. Hume writes: "All receipts and expenses will be carefully audited by the Treasury of the Mission and of the Board, and public accounts will be fully rendered through the press. Messrs. Brown Bros., 59 Wall Street, New York City, or Mr. F. H. Wiggin, Treasurer of the American Board, Congregational House, Boston, Mass., will receive and acknowledge gifts for either effort. It should be stated for which object money is intended." Correspondence may be had with Dr. Hume's son, R. E. Hume, Ph.D., 73 Kenwood Park, Springfield, Mass.

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Industrial Instruction in India

An even more pressing need than the projects mentioned in the foregoing paragraph is the support of industrial enterprises which have grown out of famine-relief under Dr. Hume's direction. As a result of the famine about 3,200 children, orphan or deserted, were received by the Marathi Mission.

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It became necessary, for their proper support and development, to give them an industrial training. For this the American Board gave approval but could give no money. Dr. Hume became personally responsible for the calling from America of two exceptionally qualified industrial experts, who went with missionary spirit and missionary allowances to train boys and girls in weaving, carpentry, farming, etc. Ahmednagar has thus become an industrial station to which both Government and missions and reformers are looking for leadership in industrial development. Lord Northcote, Governor of the Bombay Presidency, has written that to his "own personal knowledge" the work has been of "great practical value;" and Mr. B. A. Brendon, the highest English official of the Ahmednagar district, has written of his conviction that the training is "proceeding upon the right lines." Such testimony to be fully understood needs to be supplemented with the statement that the one predominant cause of the deadly and demoralizing famines in India is not so much the defect of climate but the lack of suitable economic and industrial progress among the people. Correspondence about this may be had with the Rev. H. Fairbank, 2106 North Trejon Street, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Contributions will be received and acknowledged as stated in the preceding paragraph. The object for which the money is intended should be clearly indicated.

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Cribbing When it was announced early this month that out of thirty-one boys of Phillips Andover Academy who had taken the entrance examinations for Princeton, twenty-two had been found guilty of "cribbing," and therefore refused admittance to the University, the wise suspended judgment and awaited explanations. The explanations have appeared, and have consisted chiefly in unseemly efforts on the part of each institution to shift the blame to the other. The Academy's defense is that many of the boys were admitted to the examination who were not recommended by the Academy; that the examination was carried on under the authority and therefore upon the responsibility of the University, and that Princeton invited the result by permitting greater laxity in standards during past years than have other colleges. The University has retorted that among the guilty ones were some of the boys recommended by the Academy; that the Academy did not provide suitable conditions for the conduct of the examination, and that no other school has sent such a delegation. Aside from all attempt to fix the blame—for undoubtedly both institutions were at fault—it is clear that it was not fair to the boys on the part of the Academy to provide, or on the part of the University to accept, such conditions of holding the examination that "if a boy raised his eyes from his own paper it was not easy to avoid seeing his neighbor's bluebook." These were the conditions last year, as described by the examiner; and the conditions this year were similar. It is neither wise nor right to subject boys to avoidable temptations of this sort. The sense of honor is strong among healthy boys, but it is usually limited to the relations with one another, and does not extend to their attitude to their teachers. In other words, it is unjust to the individual boy to hold him responsible for the failure of the "honor system," unless that system is maintained by a strong public opinion among the boys themselves.

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John Daniel Runkle Professor Runkle leaves a distinguished record as a leader of technical education in the United States. Without early advantages, he was twenty-eight years of age at his graduation from the Lawrence Scientific School in Cambridge, but took at that time both the bachelor's and the master's degree. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology holds him in honor as one of its founders, a member of its faculty from the beginning, and its second President. His connection with it as Professor emeritus ended only with his life, in his seventy-ninth year. Much is due to him for the advancement of studies in metallurgy and mining. In Brookline, his residence for many years, the Runkle School commemorates by its name his services to educational interests. Schools of mechanic arts for boys of high-school age owe their first institution in this country to him.

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The Religious Question in the Philippines

Governor Taft has not succeeded in persuading the Vatican to consent to the withdrawal of the friars from the Philippines. Future negotiations will be conducted at Manila rather than at Rome. Meantime, the policy of our Government, agreed upon some time ago, and clearly announced by Governor Taft at the very beginning of his interviews with the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome, remains unchanged. Governor Taft has conducted the business with which he was charged with candor and courtesy, and he has been met by the representatives of the Roman Church with equal courtesy and an undoubted desire to reach a satisfactory agreement concerning the difficult problem which is to be settled by this Government in the Philippines. It is not at all unlikely that the authorities at Rome are quite willing that the friars should be withdrawn; while at the same time they are not willing, for motives of policy, formally to consent to their withdrawal. There are many reasons which make it difficult for the Papal Government to assent formally to the withdrawal of the friars. The fact that three of the group of five Cardinals appointed to study the question are possible candidates for the Papacy suggests some of the embarrassments of the situation for the ecclesiastical authorities.

It would be premature, therefore, to assume that Governor Taft has failed, or that our Government has met with insurmountable obstacles in carrying out its policy. As a matter of fact, in its essential features that policy has not been a matter of discussion. It was determined upon in view of the duties and responsibilities of the Government, and it has been explained fully to the authorities at Rome, as a matter of courtesy and fairness, and as an expression of the good will of our Government, which has no other object in the matter except to benefit the people of the Philippines. The United States Government does not object to the presence of the friars in the islands; it is the Catholic population which objects to their presence, and our Government is simply endeavoring to carry out the evident wishes of the Filipinos, and to put affairs in the islands on a workable foundation. It is acting on behalf of the Catholic Filipinos, who are, almost to a man, so bitterly opposed to the friars that they not only will not permit them to return to their parishes, but are now holding their lands in hostile possession. One of the avowed objects of the insurrectionary movement was to confiscate the friars' lands without making any compensation. Our Government, becoming responsible for order in the islands under these conditions, was compelled to recognize the strength of this feeling, and is determined also to act with scrupulous fairness towards the Church by arranging for the purchase of the Church lands on equitable and even generous terms, on condition that the Church authorities shall withdraw the friars, who have not for several years performed their religious functions among the people. A single fact disposes of any possible suggestion of religious prejudice in this matter, and that is the fact that in asking for the withdrawal of the friars our Government has suggested that they be replaced by other members of the Church free from the odium which attaches to the friars.

The real points at issue between the United States and the Holy See are the purchase of the lands held by the friars by our Government at a fair price and the withdrawal of the friars. There is no difference of opinion on the first point; it is simply a question of the settlement of details. There is a difference of opinion with regard to the second point. The Treaty of Paris contains the following section:

> Spanish subjects, natives of the peninsula, residing in the territory over which Spain by the present treaty relinquishes or cedes her sovereignty, may remain in such territory, or may remove there, retaining in either event all the rights of property, etc. . . . In case they remain in the territory, they may preserve their allegiance to the crown of Spain by making before a court of record, within a year from the date of the exchange of artifications of this treaty, a declaration of their decision to preserve such allegiance.

The friars have taken advantage of this clause, and have declared their allegiance to Spain; and the Holy See takes the position that if it orders the friars away from the islands it will bring itself into conflict with Spain. It therefore

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throws the responsibility upon us unless it ultimately consents to approve our action in the matter. If the Vatican insists upon strict interpretation of this provision in the Treaty of Paris, our Government will be compelled on broad grounds of public policy to carry out its purpose without the aid of the Vatican.

In his note to Cardinal Rampolla asking for a farewell audience with the Pope, Governor Taft recognizes the evident desire of the Papal authorities to come to a good understanding with our Government, evidenced by the fact that the Vatican is willing to give clear and precise instructions to the friars to confine themselves to religion only, abstaining entirely from politics, and introducing gradually ecclesiastics of other nationalities, especially American. These declarations on the part of the Papal authorities show their recognition of the impartial spirit of our Government and the fact that it is dealing with the friars not as Catholics, but as belonging to a group of men whose mismanagement of affairs has aroused a feeling which would make their presence a continual source of disorder in the islands. Our Government has no desire to violate the Treaty of Paris, and seeks a voluntary withdrawal of the friars, the antagonism to whom among the Catholic laity and native clergy is so intense that they can only be reinstated by the use of force on the part of the United States. If the question of withdrawal is left unsolved, "now that the Washington Government has persuaded the ecclesiastical authorities to see the necessity of carrying out this step, the later withdrawal of the friars under order of a religious superior could not be regarded as anything but voluntary."

Mr. Root has requested that the Church authorities furnish full lists of all the property, with exact descriptions of title, the details of damages to churches and convents which will be claimed, the details of Church properties to which title remained in the Spanish crown at the time of cession, and lists of charitable and educational trusts, which it is claimed should devolve on the Church rather than on the State.

So clearly and so generally has the position of our Government been understood by the country, that any attempt, either on the part of Protestants or Catholics, to perplex the Government in its attempt to deal with this delicate but essentially simple problem by giving it a religious aspect has entirely failed. It has been stated in various quarters that an attempt is being made on the part of Protestant teachers in the Philippines to proselytize among the people; and one Catholic organization has called the attention of the Government to the matter by filing protest. These charges, however, have not been supported by any authoritative statement of fact, nor have they had the indorsement of any Roman Catholics of standing. The prime duty of all Americans, without respect to religion in the matter, was admirably suggested by Archbishop Ireland in a recent address before the National Educational Association at Minneapolis:

> How unguarded and reckless and how reprehensible are many statements published at the present time as from the Philippine Islands, purporting to tell of dreadful deeds of cruelty and injustice, for which on close examination no foundation in fact is found. I shall name in this connection one instance, which I am particularly pleased to censure. A little while ago certain Catholic newspapers raised the cry that proselytism was the order of the day in the schools of Manila, the chief officials, it was said, and the teachers in the normal school being regularly ordained ministers, who divided their time between the multiplication table and tract reading. The matter was investigated, and it was discovered that the chief officials and teachers in the normal school were not ministers, and that their own good sense, as well as the strict rules of the Government, held them strictly to secular matters.

Secretary Root, under whose direction the charges were investigated, has stated the position of the Government with clearness and frankness:

> It is the purpose of the Philippine Government to maintain in the archipelago the same kind of free, non-sectarian instruction which exists in the United States, and which has proved to be for the interests of religion and all religions. The Government means, so far as it possibly can, to give education to the people of the islands, and it will do this without any discrimination for or against any Church or sect. It does not mean that any officer or teacher of the public-school system shall use his position to build up or pull down any Church whatever, whether Catholic or Protestant.

Investigations of the official records at the War Department show that the greatest care has been taken in the selection of teachers not to discriminate in any way

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against any religious body, and the school-teachers sent to the Philippines represent every branch of the Christian Church and every part of the country. Among the prominent Catholic institutions whose graduates are to be found among the teachers are the Catholic University at Washington and the Georgetown University. That the Government means to take every provision to secure absolute freedom for all religious bodies and absolute non-interference with religious matters on the part of the employees of the United States Government in all departments is evidenced by Section XVI. of the United States Philippine Commission, as amended:

No teacher or other person shall teach or criticise the doctrines of any Church, religious sect or denomination, or shall attempt to influence the pupils for or against any Church or religious sect in any public school established under this act. If any teacher shall intentionally violate this section, he or she shall, after due hearing, be dismissed from the public service;

Provided, however, that it shall be lawful for the priest or minister of any Church established in the pueblo where a public school is situated, either in person or by a designated teacher of religion, to teach religion for one-half hour three times a week in the school building to those public-school pupils whose parents or guardians desire it and express their desire in writing filed with the provincial teacher of the school, to be forwarded to the division superintendent, who shall fix the hours and rooms for such teaching. But no public-school teacher shall either conduct religious exercises or teach religion or act as a designated religious teacher in the school building under the foregoing authority, and no pupil shall be required by any public-school teacher to attend and receive the religious instruction herein permitted. Should the opportunity thus given to teach religion be used by the priest, minister, or religious teacher for the purpose of arousing disloyalty to the United States, or of discouraging the attendance of pupils at such public schools, or of creating a disturbance of public order, or of interfering with the discipline of the school, the division superintendent, subject to the approval of the general superintendent of public instruction, may, after due investigation and hearing, forbid such offending priest, minister, or religious teacher from entering the public-school building thereafter.

Secretary Root has emphasized these rules by announcing that every Government instructor who shall be found guilty of interfering with the system of religious teaching in which his pupils have been reared will be dismissed.

It is evident that no fair-minded American, either Catholic or Protestant, can misunderstand the attitude of the Government in this delicate matter, and it is equally evident that that attitude cannot be criticised either by Protestants or Catholics as lacking in frankness or impartiality. It is simply an application of the fundamental principles of our Government, which involve complete separation of Church and State, and absolute impartiality of the Government towards all religions. Attempts on the part of Protestant or Catholic zealots to complicate this question by substituting heat for light ought to be sternly frowned upon. In this matter, as in the recent troubles in China, our Government is illustrating a new spirit of candor and consideration for all interests in international dealings. The American people, Catholic and Protestant, have now an opportunity of showing a spirit of fairness and mutual good will, which will immensely advance the interests of all churches and of religion.

❀

A Present Duty

It is a mistake to postpone the pleasures and recreations of life until one has done his hard work; a mistake which a great many frugal and otherwise sensible people make. There are hosts of men and women working with might and main for the purpose of enjoying life when they have laid a solid foundation of fortune under their feet. They are acting upon the belief that it is possible to get the hard work of life done, to press it into a few years, and then to begin to live. This is a misleading belief. In the first place, the work of life is never done, and ought never to be done; and, in the second place, he who postpones indefinitely the hour when he will begin to enjoy life, postpones entirely the possibility of enjoying it. No man can work with might and main for twenty years, committing all his strength to his task and permitting himself to be entirely absorbed by it, without suffering atrophy or deadening of the faculties of enjoyment. At the end of twenty years he will find nothing left of life for him, so far as occupation is concerned, except the things he has been doing. He will have so fashioned himself that he has become only a hand or a tool to do a

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specific thing; he will have lost the capacity of turning from one occupation to another, of taking up one interest after another, of giving himself out freely on many sides. He who would enjoy nature cannot begin too early. The first acquaintance with the outward world ought to be made at the time one begins to talk, so that one fits his words to trees and flowers and birds and clouds just as soon as he sees them, and sees them just as soon as he is able to fit words to them. The boy who grows up with access to the woods and fields and knows the habits of birds because he learns them in the leisure hours of childhood will acquire a knowledge of nature which the mature man can never obtain. It is impossible to shut one's self up for twenty years and then step out of the room and enjoy the sky and the landscape. It is impossible to work with might and main for twenty years with the expectation that, at the end of that time, one will take up music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and find delight in them. Delight in these things comes with education, with early and intimate contact; and when one comes out of a business which he has made a prison for twenty years, he can no more see what art has to reveal to him than can a blind man.

The power of enjoyment must be educated by use just as truly as any other power; it withers and dies by disuse. If one is to enjoy life he must enjoy it from day to day; if he postpones enjoyment he loses the power of securing it at the end. There come brief moments in life, swift crises when everything is put by for the doing of a piece of work, the performing of a specific task, the facing of a great peril; but these are only moments. The lives are few in which there are not opportunities of enjoyment as one goes along which will minister to one's working power and not subtract from it. He makes the best living who keeps himself fresh by keeping his interests varied; and he only can make a life who lives in every part of his nature. Enjoyment is as much a necessity as work; to find pleasure in life is as much a duty as to find profit; and the only man who lives a wholesome, normal, successful life is he who combines pleasure and work, toil and recreation, from day to day from the beginning to the end. Pleasure is a duty which cannot be postponed.

❀

Christ's Peace

The world gives peace by trying to take us out of the conditions which bring trouble, or by causing us to forget troubles. Christ gives peace, not from trouble, but in trouble. "My peace," he says. But he did not find peace by escaping from the storm. Out of the peaceful atmosphere he came into the tempestuous atmosphere, out of the celestial surroundings into the earthly tempest; came that he might carry others' burdens, bear others' sorrows, be troubled by the troubles of others.

One mother gives her sick child into the care of a professional nurse and goes off to the ball, dismissing the sick-chamber from her mind; a second sits by the side of her sick child, with anxiety written in her face and expressed in every motion of her body, until the doctor contrives how to send her from the room because she is adding to her child's restlessness. The third mother supplements the services of the professional nurse by the serene and placid temper which she brings into the sick-room, and the doctor declares to himself, This mother is better medicine than any I can give. These are the three ways in which men take troubles. They forget them; they worry over them; they conquer them. This last was Christ's method.

He has given to us the secret of peace in the sentence, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid; you have faith in God, have faith also in me." Faith in him means faith in a God who is in his world, who is working out the world's redemption, who is making of it in every generation a better world; whose resources are ample, whose hopes are infinite, whose results are sure; who will not cease his work until the kingdom of God has come and the will of God is done on earth as in heaven.

Let us learn to leave the questions too large for us to solve and the work too large for us to accomplish in his hands, and content ourselves with doing, each in his own place, with all our energy, the work that is given us to do. It is not

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our business to set the world right. It is our business to do what we can in our own little corner to set that little corner right. That was a wise teacher who, when one of his pupils came to him with anxious heart and fretted face because the boys' prayer-meeting did not go as he thought it ought to, replied to him: God took care of the universe before you were born, and God can take care of the universe after you are dead. Let us be content to do our own work and let everything else go.

"I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to God."

❀

The Spectator

Upon a certain bright June day the Spectator boarded a train at a certain junction (not to be indiscreetly precise), to accomplish the last stage of a journey into a mountain region famed for its beautiful scenery and charm of climate. It is therefore a summer Mecca for bridal couples and invalids. From the junction onward the road leads ever higher and higher into purer and purer atmosphere, ever further and further into the solitude and silence of virgin forests.

❀

The Spectator forgot, indeed, at times that it was a car window he was looking through—forgot that he was he—that he was not a rapt neophyte going through illusive scenes of unreal beauty as initiation to some great mystery beyond. "Stay, oh, stay! Thou art fair," he murmured to himself, as mountain, valley, and forest passed his vision. . . . And he was fain to stretch forth his hand—not once, but again and again—to detain the moment—the scene.

❀

When he came to himself he looked around, as is the wont of the poor human, to see if perchance he had been noticed in his aberrations from prosaic enjoyment. His opposite neighbors were absorbed in the reading of an outstretched newspaper. "Reading a—gracious nature! reading a newspaper!" ejaculated the Spectator to himself. No, they were not reading. Their hats—the newspaper was held in such a way that the Spectator, in truth, could only see their hats—their hats were not turned in any reading direction whatever; their hats were. . . .

❀

What the Spectator inferred made him, as it would make anybody, look hastily away. But a few seats ahead, whither he turned his abashed eyes, sat an old couple. No, the old lady of the couple was not sitting. She was reclining on a pillow, with a handkerchief carefully tucked over her face. And her old husband had his back to the window. He had to sit in this way, in order to bend over her. She was evidently hard of hearing; he bent close to her ear, . . . and he held her hand in his. And what a mating it was, of old, thin, wrinkled hands! He was saying something about the boarding-house they were going to. His plain, old, kind, thrifty, shrewd face had an expression of sad tenderness upon it, as he looked down upon the face covered with the handkerchief. The wife was evidently an invalid, going up into the heights of the mountains for what health and strength might be vouchsafed there to the old. Her husband was nearing his threescore and ten, and she was not far behind. They had said their "Stay! Thou art fair!" over a half a century ago, surely, and not out of a car window, at scenery, mused the Spectator.

❀

The newspaper, in course of time, went down over the way, but those it had screened seemed in no wise free to look out of the window. The eyes of both of them, as far as the Spectator could discern, were staring into utter vacancy. Their lips wore an absolutely unmeaning smile. The Spectator did not see their hands, but he knew where they were. When the car came to the end of its journey, the young couple left it, furtively shaking and brushing their clothes, for fear that rice might still be sticking to them. The old couple went off, holding to one another, as oblivious to aught beside themselves as they had been to nature.

❀

"They are a part of the initiation," said the Spectator to himself, looking after both couples.

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THE TRAGEDY OF PELÉE[1]

BY GEORGE KENNAN

V.

Climbing the Volcano

IT would be hard to find, in all the island of Martinique, a country place that is more beautifully situated than the old colonial mansion of Acier. When we rushed into it, on the night of the eruption of May 26, darkness prevented us from getting any clear idea of its location or environment; but when we returned there, the next afternoon, we all agreed that a more picturesque and commanding site for a house could hardly have been found along that coast. Morne Jacob, one of the outlying foothills of the Carbet group of peaks, throws out on its northward side, toward the Domenica Channel, a number of long, sloping ridges, or buttresses, separated one from another by deep ravines High above the sea, near the end of one of these buttresses, stands Acier—a two-story West Indian house of yellow-washed stone rubble, whose irregular roof is broken by small, unglazed dormer windows, and whose wide front door opens on a narrow piazza, and then upon a grassy yard shaded by century-old trees. A low stone wall bounds the yard on two sides, and beyond this wall the ridge descends so abruptly as to afford an almost unobstructed outlook over the dark-blue ocean, and a magnificent view of Mont Pelée from Morne Rouge to Macouba, and from the valley of the Capot to the high smoking crater. Our first sight of Acier by daylight showed us that the house and yard had suffered much less from volcanic ashes than had the house and yard of Mr. Clerc. There was a deposit of gray, powdery dust on the floor of the piazza, as well as on the foliage of the trees; but only a few leaves had fallen, the grass in the front yard was still green, and flowers were blossoming in an adjacent garden.

As the owner of the mansion and his family were still absent, we moved in and took possession, almost as unceremoniously as we had taken possession the night before. It was an indefensible course of procedure perhaps, but Mr. Jaccaci and Mr. Varian were not at all well, and we *had* to have some place to stay. Besides that, if a man runs away and abandons his house he must expect that it will be treated as a derelict. We therefore carried in our bedding and food, set the rooms in order, lighted a taper before a life-sized chromo-lithograph of a Madonna with sword-pierced heart in the upper hall, put a fresh cloth on the dining table, kindled fires in the kitchen charcoal-braziers, got luncheon, and when, a little later, Mr. M——, the owner of the estate, came back to see what had happened to his abandoned property, we were fully prepared to take him to board, as a homeless fugitive, and give him the best we had in the house. He looked rather surprised—not to say dazed—when he found us in full possession of the premises; but a few words from Mr. Chancel and Mademoiselle Marie cleared up the situation, and he begged us, courteously, to make ourselves perfectly at home!

Mont Pelée continued very active all the afternoon. Dense clouds of dark-yellow mud-smoke rose incessantly from the main crater, and the sky, behind the ascending vapor-column, was one vast black sheet of falling ashes; but we no longer felt apprehension. Acier, although only a little farther away from the volcano than Vivé, was much safer than the latter as a place of residence, on account of its topographical situation. Vivé was so low that it might be overwhelmed by a tidal wave, or swept into the sea, as the Guerin sugar-mill had been, by an eruption of mud and water from the crater of the Falaise; but Acier was not menaced by either of these dangers. Falling

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stones might reach us, or, if the volcano should split open on the eastern side, we might be struck by such a blast as the one that destroyed St. Pierre; but these were extremely remote possibilities and gave us no uneasiness.

Jaccaci and Varian spent most of the afternoon in bed; but after dinner they began to feel better, and we all went out and sat in rocking-chairs on the lawn, watching the volcano, listening to the faint intermittent roar of the surf, and enjoying the cool freshness of the gentle trade-wind. The twenty-four hours had made almost as great a change as could possibly have been made in our feelings and our environment. Monday night we were rushing, panic-stricken, away from Vivé, under a black cloud that blazed with volcanic lightning and shook the air with the thunder of a heavy cannonade. Tuesday night we sat comfortably in rocking-chairs on the lawn of a pleasant country house, smoking, talking, and paying little more attention to the volcano than to the fireflies that flashed their tiny lamps in dark recesses of the shrubbery, or the bats that swooped and wheeled noiselessly over our heads. Mont Pelée, however, was slowly gathering its energies for another outburst.

Wednesday morning dawned cool and clear, and when I went out of doors, about six o'clock, I could see nothing to indicate a renewal of dangerous volcanic activity. A cloud of yellowish-brown smoke was drifting away from the main crater, but it did not rise to a great height, and looked much less threatening than on the previous day. After breakfast, however, this cloud began to extend southward toward St. Pierre, as if the crater were widening in that direction; and about nine o'clock there was a sudden and tremendous outburst of dark-yellow vapor, which looked almost like a colossal geyser of liquid mud. I watched it as it swiftly ascended to a height of four or five thousand feet, and then ran into the house to get my camera. When I returned to the yard, the huge vapor-column had reached a height of ten thousand feet and was still going up. Every part of it was rolling, boiling, and unfolding in multitudinous convolutions, and its clearly defined top looked like an immense growing cauliflower, eight hundred or a thousand feet across.

Without a single rumble or detonation to indicate the titanic power of the agency at work below, the great column of dark vapor rushed swiftly upward until it was more than three times the height of the volcano itself. Then, for a moment, it seemed to rest. The whole sky, at that time, was perfectly clear, and the gigantic pillar of cloud, standing nearly three miles vertically above the crater in bright sunshine, made a spectacle of almost unimaginable beauty and grandeur.

As the force of the tremendous subterranean explosion spent itself, the rolling convolutions of vapor lost their sharpness of outline and grew darker; the cloudy column began to mushroom out at the top, and a deep shadow crept down the slopes of the mountain and across the valley of the Capot as the murky tide of dust-laden steam rolled slowly eastward over the plantation of Vivé. Sharp lightning, followed by peals of rolling, reverberating thunder, then began to streak down on the volcano from the overhanging cloud, and a black, crape-like screen of falling ashes soon hid more than two-thirds of the western sky.

The most striking feature of this eruption was the rapid and noiseless evolution of immense volumes of dust-charged steam. There must have been a tremendous explosion to send that vapor-column twelve or fifteen thousand feet into the air; but, if so, it took place far down in the depths of the earth, because I did not hear a sound of any kind, until lightning began to flash in the cloud over the crater. The projectile force of the outburst was not so great, apparently, as in the eruption of Monday night. The cloud-canopy formed by the mushrooming out out of the ascending vapor-column did not extend more than five or six miles on the windward side of the crater; there was no stellar lightning; no ashes or lapilli fell at Acier; and I could not see, through a strong glass, anything that looked like an ejection of stones. It was simply a tremendous uprush of steam densely charged with fine particles of pulverized rock.

As it was manifestly impracticable to ascend the volcano while it continued so

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active, and as there seemed to be nothing else to do on the Acier side, we drove Thursday morning to Morne Rouge, where we expected to get the statements of a number of persons who witnessed the fatal eruption of May 8, and where it might be possible to make an ascent, if the volcano, later in the week, should quiet down.

The old curé, Father Mary, came out in his cassock and white cork helmet to meet us as we drove into the yard of the Morne Rouge church; gave us a cordial welcome; took us into a large bare room in the parish house which served as a refectory; set before us a cut loaf of brown bread, a bottle of Martinique rum, and a saucer of green limes; and began at once to talk about the eruption of the previous Monday night. Three American newspaper correspondents, he said, reached Morne Rouge from Fort de France by the Trace road late Monday afternoon, and were just finishing their dinner, at his table, when the eruption began. Terrified by the lightning, the shower of incandescent cinders, and the glow over the crater, they abandoned their cameras, their horses, and all their personal baggage, and fled in the direction of the Carbet peaks. What happened to them afterward, he did not know; but he heard from some of the natives that they returned to Fort de France the next day on foot.

Tuesday noon another American correspondent, named Kavanaugh, came into Morne Rouge from the south on horseback, and, shortly after lunch, made an attempt to ascend the volcano alone. He came back in a state of complete exhaustion about three hours later, and after the eruption on Wednesday morning he also returned to Fort de France. How high he had succeeded in getting on the mountain, Father Mary could not tell us. Mr. Robert T. Hill, of the United States Geological Survey, started for Morne Rouge with Kavanaugh, but for some reason failed to get through, and the curé understood that he had gone back. We were very sorry to miss seeing all these Americans, and especially Mr. Hill, who had come to Martinique with us on the "Dixie;" but it was some satisfaction to feel that, although we too had been stampeded by the night eruption of the 26th, we were still in the field.

After luncheon Mr. Jaccaci and I left Mr. Varian to make a sketch of the volcano from the belfry of the village church, and went with Father Mary to see Auguste Ciparis, a negro criminal who lived nearly four days in a dungeon of the St. Pierre jail after the destruction of the city, and who was finally rescued and brought by two other negroes to Morne Rouge. We found him in one of the bare, fly-infested rooms of an abandoned wooden dwelling-house on the main street, which the curé had turned into a sort of lazaret. As there was no physician, surgeon, or pharmacy in the place, the unfortunate prisoner had had no treatment, and the air of the small, hot room was so heavy and foul with the offensive odor of his neglected burns that I could hardly force myself to breathe it. He was sitting stark naked, on the dirty striped mattress of a small wooden cot, with a bloody sheet thrown over his head like an Arab burnoose and gathered in about the loins. He had been more frightfully burned, I think, than any man I had ever seen. His face, strangely enough, had escaped injury, and his hair had not even been scorched; but there were terrible burns on his back and legs, and his badly swollen feet and hands were covered with yellow, offensive matter which had no resemblance whatever to human skin or flesh. The burns were apparently very deep—so deep that blood oozed from them—and to my unprofessional eye they looked as if they might have been made by hot steam.

When asked to describe all that happened at the time when he received these burns, Ciparis said that the cell he occupied in the St. Pierre prison was an underground dungeon, which had no other window than a grated aperture in the upper part of the door. On the morning of May 8, while he was waiting for breakfast, it suddenly grew very dark; and almost immediately afterward hot air, mixed with fine ashes, came in through the door-grating and burned him. He rushed and jumped in agony about the cell and cried for help; but there was no answer. He heard no noise, saw no fire, and smelled nothing except "what he thought was his

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own body, burning." The intense heat lasted only a moment, and during that time he breathed as little as possible. There was no smoke in the cell and the hot air came in through the door-grating without any noticeable rush or blast. He had on, at the time, hat. shirt, and trousers, but no shoes. His clothing did not take fire, and yet his back was very severely burned under his shirt. The water in his cell did not get hot—or, at least, it was not hot when he first took a drink, after the catastrophe.

We questioned him closely with regard to sounds and smells; but he continued to insist that he heard no explosion or loud noise of any kind, and that there was no perceptible odor of gas or sulphur in his cell. Hot air, mixed with dust, came in at the grated window in the upper part of the door and burned him; and that, he said, was all there was of it. For a long time he groaned with pain, and cried at intervals, "Help! Save me!" but no one answered, and he did not hear a sound again until the following Sunday, nearly four days after the catastrophe. Then he faintly heard human voices above his head, and renewed his cries for help. Somebody shouted, "Who's that? Where are you?"

"I'm down here in the dungeon of the jail," he replied. "Help! Save me! Get me out!"

The voices were those of two negroes who were exploring the ruins of the city and who happened to pass the shattered walls that marked the site of the jail. As soon as they became satisfied that there was a living human being in the mass of wreckage and débris they cleared away the stones, found the door of the dungeon, forced it open, and let the half-dead prisoner out. He had been four days without food, and was consequently weak and faint; but after taking a drink of water he felt better, and was able, with some help and support from his rescuers, to walk six kilometers up the valley of the Roxelane and over the Grande Reduit to Morne Rouge.

Some doubt has been expressed as to the existence of any survivor of the St. Pierre disaster—or, at least, of any person who was actually in the city at the time of its destruction. Several American correspondents in Fort de France wrote their papers that the wild tale of the rescued prisoner was wholly imaginary; and one well-informed journal in New York said editorially: "Although the story of the only survivor of St. Pierre, the prisoner in the underground cell of the jail, has been proved to be a fake, it was published so broadcast, and was so picturesque, that it would not be strange if it were incorporated in the permanent records of the disaster." The story of the rescued prisoner, however, is not a fake, and I think that it ought to be "incorporated in the permanent records of the disaster," not on account of its picturesqueness, but because it helps to throw light on the real nature of the catastrophe.

Father Mary, a man of unimpeachable honor and integrity, brought to us for interrogation one of the two negroes who took Ciparis out of the dungeon, and vouched for him as a trustworthy witness whom he personally knew, and when we visited Morne Rouge the first time (Sunday, May 25) Mr. Clerc positively identified the prisoner as a man whom he had long know by name, and whom he had often seen in the streets and on the water-front of St. Pierre before the disaster. He also knew personally the negro who brought Ciparis to Morne Rouge, and told us that he was "a good man and all right." I think there can be no doubt, therefore, of the essential truthfulness of the prisoner's story, and I have recorded it here, just as it stands in my note-book, without trying to edit it, or work it up into a "picturesque" narrative.

Ciparis, who was a strong young negro about twenty-five years of age, impressed me as an uneducated man, of average intelligence, whose natural temperament was stolid rather than excitable. He answered all our questions simply and quietly, without making any attempt to exaggerate or to heighten the effect of his narrative by embroidering it with fanciful and marvellous details. He heard no explosions or detonations; saw no flames; smelled no sulphurous gas; and had no feeling of suffocation. He was simply burned by hot air and hot ashes which came into his cell through the door-grating. What happened outside, he did not pretend to know; but his testimony with

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regard to what happened inside could not be shaken by any amount of cross-examination, and I shall have occasion to refer to it when I come to a consideration of the nature and causes of the St. Pierre catastrophe. Thanks to Mr. Jaccaci, who sent to the Military Hospital in Fort de France for linseed oil, limewater, phenic acid, and aseptic bandages, the prisoner's burns, before we left Morne Rouge, had been properly cared for and dressed, and there seemed to be every probability that he would live.

As the volcano on the morning of Friday, May 30, seemed to be quiescent, Mr. Jaccaci and I determined to make an ascent. We had little expectation of reaching the main crater, but there seemed to be no reason why we should not get as high, at least, as the crest of the old Calebasse road, from which we could look down into the crater of the Falaise, and if all the conditions should prove to be favorable, we might perhaps find it practicable to go higher. Mr. Varian was very anxious, of course, to accompany us; but as he had made a second trip the previous afternoon into the tornado-valley of the Roxelane, and had come back in a state of complete exhaustion due to heat, fatigue, and the sickening stench of dead bodies, we thought he ought to give himself at least one day of rest.

In order to save our strength as much as possible, we drove from the church to the junction of the Vivé road with the Calebasse, and, leaving our carriage there, started up the mountain with a native guide, carrying only cameras, field-glasses, a bottle of water, and a big slab of chocolate. The ascent for the first half mile was very easy; but at a height of about two thousand feet we were caught in a heavy shower, which so softened and loosened up the ashes as to make the walking difficult and tiresome.

The scenery, as we approached the top of the long arête, became extremely wild, gloomy, and desolate. The mountain slopes were covered to a depth of a foot or more with gray ashes; the trees in all the ravines at our left were bare and apparently dead; the leafless bushes that bordered the path had been so broken and matted down by ashes, cinders, and heavy rain that our guide frequently had to cut a way through them with his machete, and over the whole mountain was the stillness of universal death. I saw no living thing except a solitary land-crab, which seemed to be making its way down out of that region of fire, floods, lightning, ashes, and plutonian desolation.

Quiescent as the volcano had seemed when we left Morne Rouge, it did not fail to give us, at intervals, indications and reminders of its eruptive capabilities. Just before we reached the huge black knob that breaks the symmetrical slope of the mountain on the Morne Rouge side, steam began to rise from a deep gorge about half a mile away on our left, and ten minutes later there was a great uprush of brownish vapor from a mud-slope in the valley of the Rivière des Pères, or the Roxelane, followed by a roar like that of a big waterfall. Near the point where the old route to the main crater leaves the Calebasse road, at a height of about three thousand feet, fine ashes began to blow in our faces from the other side of the divide, and we noticed, for the first time, a strong, peculiar odor, which reminded me of the smell of a blacksmith's shop when fresh coal has been put on the smouldering fire and the smoky products of imperfect combustion escape into the room. When we smelled that odor and ashes began to fall on us, we knew that we must be getting into the neighborhood of the Falaise crater. We were so high that trade-wind clouds from the Atlantic were constantly eddying about us, half hiding and then half revealing gray, broken skeletons of trees, drifts of volcanic dust, cinders, boulders, and the blackened remains of tropical thickets which looked as if they had first been swept by fire and then half buried by a heavy sleet-storm of wet ashes.

A walk of five minutes more brought us to the highest part of the Calebasse; and stopping suddenly on the brink of a precipice, we looked down into the wild, gloomy, unearthly gorge of the Falaise—a chaos of tremendous cliffs, landslides, enormous volcanic boulders, blackened forests, and narrow eroded channels, hundreds of feet in depth, through which were tumbling torrents of steaming water

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or hot mud. A great cloud of yellowish-brown smoke was rising from the crater, a thousand feet below, and all up and down the bottom of the gorge we could see uprushes of steam from fumaroles or from water coming into contact with masses of hot volcanic material that had suddenly caved away from the precipitous bank and fallen into the stream.

The distinctive characteristic of the whole scene was its absolute unearthliness. The wildness and ruggedness of the contours; the absence of all colors except white, gray, and black; the sudden and mysterious uprushes of steam or smoke; the faint haze of falling dust; the storm-clouds that eddied around us and deepened the gloominess of the gorge; the drifts of volcanic ashes in the foreground, and the immense gray mass of the mountain, rising to unknown heights in the thick mist overhead, made up a picture that had no parallel in my experience. It might have been a scene from a Dantesque Inferno, or a glimpse of another planet in one of its formative stages of development, but it was like nothing terrestrial.

We felt more than half inclined to descend into the gorge and see what the Falaise crater was actually doing; but the weather looked very threatening; a sudden roaring sound from the steaming abyss below warned us that it was by no means a safe place to be during an eruption—or even in a severe storm—and we finally decided to call it a day's work and return to Morne Rouge. The whole summit of the volcano was enveloped in dense clouds, so that there was no possibility of reaching the main crater that afternoon, even if we were prepared to attempt it. It was still a thousand feet above us, and nearly a mile away.

I wrote a brief record of our ascent, and placed it in the cleft of a split pole, which I planted in the ashes at the highest point reached on the Calebasse divide, and, after taking one more look at the gloomy gorge, we started homeward. Another heavy tropical rain-storm caught us on our way down, but we fortunately had no streams to cross, and reached Morne Rouge in safety about three o'clock. We found the parish house filled with the pungent smell of phenic acid, which Father Mary said he had sprinkled over the floor to counteract or overpower a faint odor of dead bodies that came up from the tornado-valley of the Roxelane.

Early in the evening the clouds broke away from the top of the volcano; a faint glow of subterranean fire lighted up the vapor-column over the main crater, and we heard two or three rumbling detonations, but nothing happened. About nine o'clock a vessel somewhere off St. Pierre—probably a French cruiser—threw a powerful search-light on the mountain, and illuminated the summit so that we could distinctly see the V-shaped gorge just below the crater on the southwestern side, and even the movements of the smoke as it rolled up and drifted away on the light trade-wind in the direction of Prêcheur. Then the piercing shaft of radiance swept down the mud-slope of the Rivière Blanche to the site of the Guerin sugar-mill, shifted to the ruins of St. Pierre, and finally vanished, leaving the mountain dark as before.

Mont Pelée showed no signs of dangerous activity Saturday morning, and as we had done all that we expected to do at Morne Rouge, we decided to return to Acier and make an attempt to reach the main crater by way of the Morne Balai arête, which all the natives said was a better and easier route than that up the Calebasse. After taking a photograph of Father Mary—one of the bravest and most devoted priests in all Martinique—we bade him good-by, climbed into our carriage, and started down the long, sinuous road that leads to the valley of the Capot. At the mouth of the Falaise gorge we found that the high stone bridge over the stream had been turned into a dam. An eruption of mud and water from the sub-crater above had apparently carried down upon it an immense mass of ashes and volcanic boulders, which had completely blocked up the arch and filled the ravine, so that the river was running over the bridge instead of under it. Both road and bridge were covered with boulders, and in order to lighten the carriage and get it across we were forced to wade the stream, which was running with great velocity, but which, at that time, was not more than knee-deep. A small party of laborers,

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under the direction of an engineer or foreman from the Department of Roads and Bridges, was trying to repair damages; but they all looked anxious and apprehensive, and a mounted officer of gendarmes, who had been stationed there to watch the progress of the work, begged us to tell the higher authorities that the post was a very dangerous one, and to recommend that the party be relieved from duty at the mouth of that gorge. After what I had seen of the Falaise from the summit of the Calebasse divide the previous afternoon, I was fully prepared to sympathize with the young officer's feeling of apprehension, and we soon had evidence to show that it was well founded. Just after we passed Vivé, there was apparently another eruption from the Falaise crater, and a torrent of hot water rushed down the gorge into the Capot, throwing up clouds of white steam along its course for a distance of a mile and a half or two miles.

We reached Acier soon after noon, and learned, to our great surprise, that Professor Angelo Heilprin, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Leadbeater, a photographer from New York, had arrived there during our absence, and had started up the mountain that morning, by way of the Balai arête, with the intention of reaching, if possible, the main crater. The top of the volcano, when we got back to Acier, was completely enveloped in clouds; and as the afternoon wore away and the mountain-climbers did not return, we began to feel some anxiety with regard to their safety. They made their appearance, however, about five o'clock, and reported that they had succeeded in reaching the summit, but had been overtaken there by a severe thunderstorm, with sharp lightning and dense blinding clouds, which prevented them from finding their way beyond the eastern edge of what had been Lake Palmiste—a small pond that once oocupied the bed of an ancient crater. There, at a height of about four thousand feet, they sat down among the volcanic boulders, in a pouring rain, and waited three-quarters of an hour for a change of weather; but as the storm continued, and as there seemed to be little prospect of locating or reaching the new crater that afternoon, they finally abandoned the attempt to find it, and came down the mountain in a tropical deluge which set the ashes sliding in every direction, and threatened, at times, to sweep them off the narrow arête into the gorge of the Falaise.

At a consultation which we held while sitting in rocking-chairs out on the lawn that evening, we decided that if the weather should prove favorable we would make another attempt to reach the summit crater on the following day.

About six o'clock the next morning we drove to Vivé, mounted saddle-mules that had been provided by Mr. Chancel, and with a half a dozen native porters to carry luncheon, cameras, water, etc., we rode away across the Capot bridge and up through fields of uncut cane to a half-deserted settlement belonging to the commune of Ajoupa Bouillon; and thence across a high, desolate pasture, deeply buried in ashes, to the lower end of the arête. Leaving our mules there in charge of one of the negro boys, we took a few bites of chocolate and a drink of water and began the long, wearisome climb to the crater.

The ascent, from an Alpine guide's point of view, would doubtless have been regarded as perfectly easy; but in the blazing sunshine of the tropics, a climb of two or three thousand feet over a slope covered with furrowed, half-compacted ashes which break under foot and slide backward at almost every step is by no means an easy task—even although the grade be moderate. Before I had ascended a thousand feet I was dripping with perspiration and panting for breath, and had to shout to the water-boy to bring me a drink.

At a height of about twenty-eight hundred feet, where the arête narrowed to a rather sharp edge, with a profoundly deep gorge on either side, Mr. Jaccaci had an attack of mountain sickness with vertigo, and was forced to stop. Heilprin, Varian, and I, who were ahead, sent one of the porters back to him with a bottle of Mr. Clerc's "cyclone" wine, and went on up the mountain—thinking that he would feel better in a few moments and follow us; but he did not recover from the dizziness and had to return. I think I should have been tempted to give it up and return myself, if Mr. Heilprin, who is an

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experienced mountaineer, had not encouraged me and shown me how to climb. There happened that day to be little or no breeze; the heat on the bare, desolate ash-slope was simply prostrating; and as a result of trying to climb too rapidly I felt as if I were going to have a sunstroke. Professor Heilprin, however, insisted that I should get up all right if I would only go slowly. "Take it easy! Take it easy! Mr. Kennan," he shouted every five minutes. "We've got all day before us. Don't get overheated. Stop every ten steps and rest. One of the first things that my Alpine guides taught me was to climb slowly." I finally did climb slowly and began to feel better.

Clouds began to gather about the mountain as we approached the summit, and when we struggled up the last steep ascent and reached the edge of the dry lake-bed at the head of the arête, we found ourselves enveloped in driving mist, through which we could see only a few square rods of stony, cindery, boulder-strewn ground, and now and then the vague outline of a high black ridge two or three hundred feet away to the westward. In fifteen or twenty minutes, however, the atmosphere cleared so that we could see the whole outline of the shallow oval basin that once held the water of Lake Palmiste. It was perfectly dry; its bottom was covered with stones, cinders, and ragged masses of volcanic rock; and from every square yard of it rose thin wisps of hot vapor. The whole top of the mountain oozed steam. Professor Heilprin got out his pocket thermometer and found that the temperature of the ground, six inches below the surface, was 124° Fahrenheit.

One hundred and fifty or two hundred yards away, near what seemed to be the southwestern end of the lake-bed, there was a gentle slope which rose twenty-five or thirty feet to a sharp edge; and just beyond this edge was the ascending vapor-column of the main crater. Picking our way carefully among the big boulders, we crossed the lake-bed diagonally and walked up the gentle slope to the sharp edge, at a point about seventy-five feet north of the ascending column of steam. I expected, of course, to look over that edge into the crater; but I thought that on the other side there would probably be a gradual downward slope into something like a huge, circular bowl. I was tremendously startled, therefore, to find myself suddenly on the very brink of a frightful chasm about seventy-five feet across and hundreds of feet in depth, out of which came a roar like that of a titanic forge with the bellows at work, and a curious crackling sound which suggested the splitting of rocks in intense heat. The wall of the chasm under my feet was absolutely perpendicular—even if it did not overhang—and by bending forward a little I could see down a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet. Beyond that point clear vision was lost in a sort of bright, vapory shimmer, like the shimmer at the top of a white-hot blast-furnace. On the other side of the immense fissure was a huge chaotic mass of volcanic débris, piled together in the wildest confusion, and out of it, into the throat of the chasm, projected three or four long, angular, tooth-like rocks, which had been so calcined as to be almost white. With a powerful glass I had seen these same white rocks from St. Pierre, and I knew, therefore, that if the ascending vapor-column south of us were removed we might look straight out through the chasm at the ruined city beyond it.

Steam and eddying clouds hid so much of the crater that it was impossible to form any idea of its size or shape; but my impression was that the chasm into which we looked was only one side of a more or less circular pit or bowl, and that the pile of rocks which seemed to form the western wall of the fissure was a central cone of volcanic débris. This, however, is merely conjecture.

We were all so overawed by the terrific grandeur of the deep, roaring chasm that for two or three minutes we stood on the brink of it, motionless and silent. Then Professor Heilprin shouted to me, "Oh, isn't it fine to see these great operations of Nature!"

"Yes," I replied, "but if you've seen all you want to of this particular operation, I would suggest that we get off this edge. It looks to me as if it overhung, and it might cave away and carry us all down into the crater—it's nothing but cinders and stones."

I had hardly finished making this prudent suggestion when a great swirl of

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gray clouds hid everything from sight, and we were hardly able to find our way back through the mist and steam to the big white boulder at the head of the arête where we had left our coats, luncheon, and water-bottles. We remained on the summit about an hour; but it did not clear up enough to give us another view of the crater-chasm.

The height of the lake-bed, as shown by Professor Heilprin's aneroid, was 4,025 feet; but we were unable to determine with accuracy the direction of its longer axis or the trend of the crater-fissure, owing to the fact that our compasses were disturbed by the magnetic influence of the volcano. As nearly as we could judge from occasional glimpses of the ocean through the clouds, the needles pointed east.

We were overtaken by an unusually severe thunder-storm on our way down the mountain; our escape was cut off by a torrent just below the foot of the arête, and we were forced to wait two or three hours for the flood-water to run off so that we could cross. It was nearly five o'clock, therefore, before we finally got back to our base of operations and supplies at Acier.

The Philippines Health Problem[1]

By James A. Le Roy

AMERICAN occupation, all are agreed, has been of great benefit to Cuba in at least one respect, viz., that of sanitation. Due credit should also be given for work done in this direction in the Philippine Islands.

The public-health problem in the Philippines has been more complex in the same degree that the Philippines problem in general is more complex than that before us in Cuba. The Philippines are a pretty extensive archipelago; not a large majority, but only ten per cent., or fewer, of the Filipinos speak and read Spanish; there was formerly the same Spanish laxness as to sanitary laws, if not a total ignoring of them, making the people naturally suspicious and hostile toward new, misunderstood, and, to them, unnecessary regulations; fifty thousand Chinese thickly settled in Manila are ready to oppose their defiance and stoical indifference to all measures of cleanliness; the Philippines are thousands of miles from our shores, in the Orient, where lax sanitary regulations prevail in most of the leading ports, while plague and cholera carry away their thousands almost unheeded among the teeming population centers.

One other obstacle will readily occur—the insurrection, the quelling of which chiefly engaged the energies of the American authorities for nearly two out of the three years since Spain's sovereignty ceased. And the insurrection has also engaged the attention of those at home almost to the exclusion of the *constructive* features of American occupation.

If the army medical officers had merely been looking out for our own troops, yet concentration in Manila after the Spanish surrender must have turned their attention to the state of health of the population in general. But recognition of sanitary duties toward the public followed fast upon the organization of a provost-marshal government of Manila, and Major Frank S. Bourns, a volunteer drafted from civil life to go out with Merritt, became the first American health officer of Manila, soon having a board to work with him. The United States Marine Hospital Service, a branch of the Treasury Department, was early represented, and, under Captain J. C. Perry, has ever since co-operated most effectively with the representatives of the War Department. A large and up-to-date quarantine station was last year completed at Mariveles, at the entrance to Manila Bay.

Laboratories were organized as soon as might be, attention first being paid to getting large supplies of vaccine virus from the carabao. A smallpox epidemic threatened Manila in the troublesome days of 1899, and the entire population (as nearly

[1] The author of this article, as secretary of Professor Worcester of the Philippines Commission, had unusual opportunities for acquiring information on this subject. An interesting article from his pen on "The Race Problem in the Philippines" will be found in the current "Atlantic Monthly."—THE EDITORS.

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as might be) were vaccinated. So thoroughly has this work been followed up ever since in the ten inspection districts of Manila that smallpox has virtually been exterminated. Not a case, for instance, was reported in Manila from January 1, 1901, to October 1, 1901. Yet smallpox is endemic in the archipelago, its marks are very commonly seen in the faces of Filipinos, and its ravages have always in the past been looked upon almost with indifference.

A street-cleaning brigade was organized, and, under the supervision of an American, the native drivers of carabao carts and native cleaners of the open drains had in a year's time brought about such a change in the appearance of Manila that the British Consul-General made it the subject of a report to his home office. The work of garbage disposal was systematically undertaken, and the best results were obtained with the poor facilities. The public slaughter-house was made more nearly decent; crematories for dead animals were built, cadavers of horses and carabaos becoming gradually rare sights in the Pasig River or on unoccupied tracts; and the veterinary department organized a vigilant campaign against the ever-present glanders.

Except in the larger cities, Manila, Iloilo, and Cebú, there was no special organization to deal with municipal health matters. The surgeons in charge at the many garrisons had great latitude, and under their direction compulsory vaccination was usually enforced; simple regulations as to cleaning streets, putting dirty premises in order, tying up pigs and thus lessening the chances of disease from filthy wallows in the middle of towns or under houses, cleaning up the markets, etc., were given to the sentries to enforce; and improvement had been noted in most of the towns, small and big. When these regulations were carried out in roughshod manner, as too often they were, the people were resentful and inclined to look upon them rather as measures taken expressly for their annoyance than as setting an example for public emulation; wherever more diplomatic and thoughtful officers had cloaked the forms of arbitrary military compulsion with polite consultation of the people and the giving of reasons, particularly where a resident native physician had been consulted and employed in bringing about the desired changes, the attitude of the people was almost unfailingly good, and they would point with pride to the improvements in their town.

Much good was done also by the army surgeons in the provinces, whether in division hospitals or in out-of-the-way posts, by free medical attendance and more or less free dispensing of medicines. Many a surgeon has done in this way, entirely out of the line of his duties and beyond the recognition of his superiors, little and big services to natives which not only helped make the name "Americanos" more acceptable, but which were also genuine responses to the call of humanity.

When the executive authority was transferred to civilians' hands in July, 1901, military orders were replaced by organic laws for all provinces under civil control. Under these laws there was begun the organization of provincial boards of health, and of municipal boards as well, wherever native physicians could be found to head them, responsibility for public health work thus being distributed, with centralized control in the general board at Manila, which is under the Department of the Interior, the President of which is Major L. M. Mans, temporarily detailed, and in which the native element also finds representation. Professor Paul C. Freer was summoned from Ann Arbor to organize a centralized plan of laboratories, chemical, biological, for the making of virus, etc. Laws for the regulation of the practice of medicine and surgery and of pharmacy, for compulsory vaccination, regulating the manufacture of alcoholic beverages, and others of like nature were passed and put into execution. The combating of rinderpest, which had already destroyed in some provinces seventy-five per cent. of the draft animals, was carried on; and a campaign was inaugurated against the plagues of locusts which have periodically for centuries scourged the islands and reduced regions to the verge of famine, a fungus disease being imported from South Africa and introduced among the flocks of locusts in province after province. The service that will be rendered to the Filipinos if these two scourges, which have literally been worse than war these past two years, shall be mastered,

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can only be appreciated by one who has been on the ground.

As will be understood, this framework of a general scheme of sanitation for the archipelago has by no means been filled out in the interval since last July. And meanwhile, too, comprehensive plans have had to wait while the energies of the all too few engaged in the work were occupied in two hard fights, first against bubonic plague and now against Asiatic cholera.

Bubonic plague first appeared in Manila in December, 1899, in the Chinese quarter. Only the strictest of port regulations and the most rigid internal inspection held it within bounds during the hot spells of 1900 and 1901, and saved Manila from being embargoed by American, Japanese, and other ports. Medical experience in the Orient goes to show that it is a very insidious disease, that it gains steadily during hot, dry weather, and gives way gradually after the beginning of the rainy season, while it may be held down to a very slight increase every year for three or four years and then suddenly burst into an almost uncontrollable epidemic. So, while the deaths from plague in Manila during the hot seasons of 1900 and 1901 were averaging but a dozen a week, as against fifty to two hundred a day in the unquarantined English port of Hongkong, yet the constant fear was of a return with violence in 1902.

A thorough campaign was therefore organized last year. Rats having been demonstrated to be the principal carriers of the contagion, the plans of the Japanese bacteriologists and health officers were imitated, and poison and traps were used in quantities. Rat-catching brigades were organized under native and American inspectors, and the whole population was urged to bring in the rodents and be paid five cents apiece for them. All this seemed highly amusing to the Spanish residents, and the witticisms of the Spanish newspapers found echo among certain elements of the native population. The work went right on, however, each rat brought in being tagged with the number and street of the house from which he came, dipped in carbolic acid, then "post-mortemed." When a rat was found to be infected with plague, the house from which it came was promptly made the subject of special inspection. As seemed necessary, it was disinfected, was ordered altered to make it more sanitary, or was torn down and removed altogether. New building regulations were being enforced at this time, resulting in the throwing open to the light and air of a number of Chinese dens, while, in one case, an entire Chinese "street" was closed. Various prominent property-owners felt themselves aggrieved, and not the least trouble was found in compelling decent conditions in some of the structures rented by the friars; but compensation was, of course, always given for destroyed property.

The rats of Manila have not, of course, been exterminated, but the number killed had risen in November last to five thousand a month, one to four per cent. showing plague infection in the daily post-mortems. The plague started in earlier than usual during the dry seasons, the first cases occurring again in December, when the rains had hardly yet ceased. It fluctuated during that month and January. But the results of the vigorous campaign were seen when only one death from plague was reported during February. May, the hottest month, had before been the time of maximum; but it was held at *nil* during March, April, and May, and in June the rains began again.

The fight was won, but plans against it for all future were already under way, including the cleaning out of various filthy native sections in the Tondo district of Manila, the enlarging of the detention camp for a temporary residence for homeless people, and the consideration of a scheme of cheap public tenements built with regard for sanitation, when the Asiatic cholera appeared. It broke out in March in one of these same filthy sections along the Tondo beach. The quarantine officers had for some months been fearful of this, as Hongkong, Shanghai, and other Asiatic ports had considerable epidemics of the disease.

Another campaign of vaccination was at the time under way, a smallpox scare in the Cagayan Valley of Luzon having caused an accession of energy in this direction. Between January 15 and April 1, over one million people in all the islands were vaccinated, among them all the people in General Bell's concentration camps in Batangas and Laguna. Happily,

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smallpox made headway but in scattered districts, and the cholera fight was not complicated by it.

Again, it was a case for impromptu action, employing as best might be the men and means at hand—both insufficient. The work was rapidly systematized. Manila was redivided into twelve districts, with an American physician in each, aided by a corps of inspectors, part Americans and part natives, and a house-to-house inspection has ever since been kept up all the time. Cases, if not too far gone, are removed to the cholera hospital; but many of the people attacked die in from one to three hours, and cannot be removed at all. Those whose relations to the persons attacked are such as to make it likely that they may have contracted the disease are taken to the detention camp and kept for five days. This detention camp was the one that had been built as a precaution against a possible epidemic of the plague. A detention hospital and cholera hospital were also established at the same point, at the outskirts of the city, using them until they became too badly infected. Meanwhile, a much larger detention camp had been built outside the city, near Santa Mesa, fitted out with tents, bath-houses, latrines, and a large kitchen. A second cholera hospital of bamboo and nipa thatch was shoved up, also a detention camp for people desiring to leave the city during the epidemic. A new antiseptic, recently produced by Professors Freer and Novy, of the University of Michigan, is being used very successfully in the treatment of the cholera, being in fact the only thing that has yet given results in Manila. At first the mortality ran above ninety per cent.; it has now been reduced to seventy to seventy-five per cent. General Chaffee gave hearty co-operation, furnishing some twenty medical officers from the army.

An attempt was, of course, made on the very start to prevent the spread of the disease into the provinces. Some hundreds of policemen and constabulary were employed for the purpose; but, as General Otis could not shut up Manila with fifteen thousand soldiers, it is needless to say that this attempt could not succeed. First, the disease spread by native crafts going to the towns around Manila Bay. Then it started north along the railroad, but its march was opposed so vigorously that it took nearly two months to travel the one hundred and twenty miles through Bulacan, Pampanga, and Pangasinan provinces. The provinces up the river from Manila soon caught it, and some few cases have appeared north of the central part of Luzon. One of the inter-island steamers took it to the southeastern part of Luzon; otherwise the rigid port quarantine has yet to record a single failure, with the result that, up to the 25th of June, the disease had not got outside of the one island.

Before physicians could be sent out from Manila, the disease had created fearful havoc in several of the provincial towns. The town of Orani, in Bataan, for instance, suffered almost as many deaths up to May 15 as Manila itself, showing what would be the ravages of the disease when unopposed. As soon as possible, however, American doctors, disinfectants, etc., were hurried to each of the attacked towns, while the organization of native provincial and municipal boards of health, then in process, was completed so far as might be. Some towns in a province so far advanced agriculturally as Pampanga, for example, lacked both resident physicians and drug-stores.

The constant fear was of contamination of the city water supply from some one of the towns on the Mariquina River above the intake. In this event, the deaths in Manila would have jumped into the thousands at once. A troop of cavalry and a battalion of infantry were stationed in these towns to guard against this danger. From the government ice-plant some fifteen thousand gallons of distilled water per day have been supplied free to the inhabitants of Manila, well-to-do people driving there for it, while the poor people go to distribution stations or get it from perambulating water-wagons.

Quite naturally these rigorous measures aroused much opposition. The mass of the Filipino people is very fatalistic about disease and death, and, from past lack of schooling, very ignorant as to modern sanitary measures. It is very difficult to get native inspectors who will perform their duties intelligently and at the same time impartially. In the need for a greatly increased force of inspectors, school-teachers, policemen, and other Americans,

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some of whom proved not to be of the right sort, were pressed into the service; among them were some who had slight regard for the natives and who enforced the already distasteful regulations in an unwarranted manner, increasing the popular opposition. Meanwhile the Spanish newspapers were referring to the disease as "official cholera," and more than insinuating that it was not the genuine thing, but only an aggravated "stomach-ache." What ground there is for saying that some of the friar-led native priests told the people in the confessional that the Americans were only making this a pretext for harassing them, it may be hard to say; but it is unquestionably true that there was considerable ecclesiastical scoffing, and it is more than hinted that the highest church authorities had to be warned against this sort of interference.

There were, in the nature of things, abuses of a more or less serious sort at the outset, and the detention camps were organized too hastily to run smoothly from the first. The opposition to entering them was so strong for a time that some people would bury dead members of the family secretly by night so as not to be taken to the camps. When the members of one or two prominent Filipino families were attacked, however, promptly moved to the improvised hospitals, and recovered under the American treatment, this opposition lessened. Gradually, too, the camps were put into better shape, and the food supplied was soon better than most of the occupants were accustomed to having. They were allowed to cook for themselves also, and, finally, arrangements were made to allow those who preferred doing so to remain quarantined for the required period in their own houses. Most of the vegetables and fruits ordinarily eaten by the common people had to be put under the ban, and the filthy methods employed in the number of Chinese "restaurants" required that most of their staples, so large a part of the people's diet, be also embargoed. The authorities themselves have tried to supply their place by the sale of foods, the cooking of which had been supervised by competent persons.

Professor Dean C. Worcester, Secretary of the Interior, was himself the foremost in the fight from the first. Personal visits to the detention camps, to the hospitals, and to places in the provinces from which complaints came resulted in the correction of some abuses and the proper discipline of one or two Americans who exceeded their authority in the provinces.

As a direct result of the strain upon him, Dr. Franklin Meacham, Chief Health Inspector, died in the middle of April. He had been sticking to his long round of work for ten days with a temperature of 104 degrees, not letting any one know he was ill. The cause of his death was heart failure, which also carried off Mr. Mudge, who had organized and carried on the street-cleaning system of Manila and whom it will be almost impossible to replace.

Dr. Frank S. Bourns, the former health officer, who is now in the Philippines as manager of a business concern, at once dropped his personal interests and volunteered to take Dr. Meacham's place. He held it for a month, his tactfulness and wide acquaintance with the natives enabling him to dispose of much of the opposition to the measures adopted.

Up to May 1, the largest number of cases in Manila was thirty. During May conditions gradually improved; but June has witnessed a slight recrudescence of the disease, the cases sometimes running as high as thirty-five and forty per day. During the first three months, to the middle of June, there was a total of 8,500 cases and of 6,500 deaths, approximately, of which 1,125 deaths occurred in Manila. These figures assume larger proportions in the United States than in the Philippines; they hardly make the disease an epidemic over there, viewed in the light of past history. During this century, there have been fearful epidemics of cholera in Manila in 1820, 1862, and 1880, and I have been told by inhabitants that there were 36,000 deaths from it in Manila alone in 1880. Indeed, the basis for the scoffings of the Spanish press as to "official cholera" was that "real cholera would be a lot more serious than this."

The lack of physicians in the Philippines has been noted. Except for the comparatively few educated in Europe, to be found in the most important cities, the native physicians got their equipment at the friar-directed College of St. Joseph at Manila. Various of the "standard"

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authorities in use there date back to 1845; the teaching of anatomy is a farce, and, it is said, no female cadaver has ever been dissected there; until within the past few years, bacteriology was not taught at all, and, unless they have been bought very recently, it is now taught without microscopes. Comment is superfluous.

The majority bills pending in Congress contain authority for the city of Manila to bond itself to construct a sewer system. Various plans have already been presented and are being considered. At present, the only sewer is a more or less unworkable, short one, submerged at high tide, finding an outlet in the moat of the Walled City, which comprises but a small part of Manila. Surface drainage, drainage into one of the "esteros," or no drainage at all prevails elsewhere. These numerous "esteros," or creeks, natural and artificial, running into the Pasig River, hence filled and drained every day by the tides, are unwalled and are, in most places, festering sources of contamination. Manila lies on flat, alluvial soil, on either side of a winding river, and the frequent heavy rains leave large sections of the territory it covers inundated for hours.

The engineering features of the city water-supply, constructed twenty-five years ago, are most creditable to the Spaniard who carried out the plan. Gauged by present-day requirements, however, the quality of the water at the intake leaves much to be desired, while, with the growth of population, there is much need for increase of the supply.

Tuberculosis is the most common cause of mortality among adult Filipinos in Manila, and perhaps in all the archipelago. The civilized natives, and particularly the men, are, as a rule, flat-chested and puny, while poor nourishment, in the form of a rice and fish diet, makes them the more easy victims. Increasing their wants, raising the standard of living, will probably be the most effective way of checking tuberculosis. Its great prevalence among the poorer classes of Manila, however, has led to some planning for a consumptives' colony outside of the city.

The number of lepers in the islands has been estimated variously at from five thousand to thirty thousand, while ten thousand is a fair guess. There is a leper hospital for several hundred outside of Manila, and the former government had also established similar institutions at three other points in the archipelago. The Molokai colony of the Hawaiian group has now been selected for imitation, and the American authorities have decided upon a small, well-watered, and fertile island, now almost unoccupied, upon which to establish all the lepers of the Philippines.

These are but hints at the work mapped out. Space may be taken for just a few figures, to show what has been accomplished in the past three and one-half years at Manila:

The death-rate for the month of October, 1899, the first month for which we have reports, was 61.39 per 1,000. The death-rate for ten months of 1900 was 41.99, as compared with a rate of 33.4 for the same ten months of 1901, figures for the other two months not being available. The present cholera epidemic has, of course, raised the rate, but, in the main, the figures go to show that, during the period of American occupation, the death-rate in Manila has been lowered nearly fifty per cent. These results, it may be added, were obtained using as a basis the first health board census, which gave Manila 244,000 inhabitants, including 45,000 Chinese. A recent, more nearly accurate census gives a population of 302,154, as follows: 223,900 Filipinos; 60,650 Chinese; 7,852 Spaniards and other foreigners; 6,822 Americans.

Based on the reports, the monthly birth-rate for Manila rarely rises above 25 per 1,000; but, as the confinements of most native women are not attended by physicians, often not even by midwives, the reports of births are very incomplete. The high infant mortality may be judged from the fact that in November, 1901, for instance, out of a total of 848 deaths, 505 were under one year of age, 301 dying of convulsions.

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Religious Life in America

XI.—The Leaven and the Lump

By Ernest Hamlin Abbott

ALMOST all Americans are of course essentially Europeans transplanted. A good deal of what we like to call distinctively American is composed of traits characteristic of Europe in the seventeenth or eighteenth century.[1] There is reason, therefore, in distinguishing between Asiatic and European immigrants, whether we consider them as social, economic, political, or religious factors in the life of the Nation. There is reason even in raising the query whether the African people who have been on this continent for generations are not more truly aliens than the newcomers from the countries of Europe. At any rate it is fair to say that most of the foreigners who are streaming in to make their homes here are meeting not with an utterly strange civilization, but rather with a different phase of the same civilization to which they have been accustomed. To this as well as to the American spirit of religious toleration I attribute the fact that nowhere in the course of my trip did I meet with evidence that newly arrived Europeans had found occasion after their arrival for any violent readjustment of their religious life. Whatever adjustment came to my attention was invariably the result of a comparatively slow process.

Such adjustment, moreover, was not by any means all on one side. The process of making the Nation is not the simple one, as every one knows, of turning Irishmen and Germans and Swedes into Yankees; it is, so to speak, chemical, and the result is neither the one element nor the other, but a new substance. The immigrants are not being modified without modifying America in return. The making of America did not end with the adoption of the Constitution. It is only necessary to cite the history of music in America for the last generation to suggest how much the Europeans who have come into the United States within that time have contributed to the National character. Similarly in religious life there was not a little that I observed which could have come from no other source than these people whom we are accustomed to regard as being "assimilated" like so much food.

As I came across foreigners in various parts of the country three questions were in my mind: First, in what ways is the immigrant population affecting religious life in America? Second, in what ways is America affecting religious life in the immigrant population? Third, what are churches, or other religious bodies, or individual Christians doing to use religion for the purpose of making out of these immigrants loyal American citizens?

In order to find definite answers to these questions, one ought to be able to use with some fluency the languages of these foreigners, and ought to know their lives far more intimately than the casual observer can possibly know them. It is hardly necessary to say that I shall attempt no definite answers. I shall simply record my experiences as they touched upon foreign people in America, using the three questions as interpreters.

It is perfectly evident to any one with eyes in his head who travels in the United States that there are many communities of foreigners which contribute little but their numbers to the Nation, and receive in return little more than a space in which to live. In religious life they have only such significance as springs from isolation. Such were the Bohemians that I saw in Virginia. They had settled in the Dakotas, I was told, but had been frozen out by the long winters, and had sought a milder climate not far from Petersburg. I could well believe the old-time Southern gentleman who said to me that they "refused to affiliate with the inhabitants." Their mobility was evidence of their unwillingness to mingle with strangers. "They keep great mastiffs," continued

[1] Mr. Barrett Wendell has drawn an interesting parallel between the Yankee and the seventeenth century Briton in his "Literary History of America."

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my informant, "which scare people off; they refuse to speak English; they won't work with other people, though you can see them at work on the roads; they are Catholics and won't have anything to do with Lutherans, even of their own blood; they level abandoned graveyards, using the gravestones for landmarks. I have even seen a stone in one kitchen used to make bread on with the inscription, 'Sacred to the memory of ——.' They drive out the 'niggroes;' that," he added as his opinion, "is the only good thing they do."

In the big cities there are colonies of foreigners, as is well known, who are almost if not quite as isolated as these Bohemians of Virginia. A resident in a social settlement situated among Italians in the city of New York told me that he knew of Italian and Sicilian villages which he had visited from which half the population had gone bodily to the neighborhood of his social settlement or to other places in the American metropolis. Such transplanted communities retained in the New World their old local customs, their religious peculiarities, their neighborhood acquaintances; indeed, were almost as sufficient unto themselves as they were in their Italian or Sicilian homes.

Such "side-tracked communities," as they have been called, exist in all parts of the country. Some of them count their age by generations. Particularly is this true in the State of Pennsylvania. The so-called Pennsylvania Dutch are nearly as far out of the current of present-day American life as they ever were. With some of these, whose ancestors were American born, I have found it almost as hard to communicate in English as if they had just landed from Germany. Under these conditions the persistence of secluded churches and sects is but natural: the Winebrennerians and the Dunkards, for instance, with their outlandish rites, the Moravians with their very beautiful customs and unworldly spirit, the Little Russians, nominally under the control of Roman Catholic archbishops, but retaining, as in Galicia and Hungary, their Slavonic liturgy and their distinctive forms of saint-worship. Such religious bodies, interesting, picturesque, and, in the case of the Moravians, valuable as they are, may be said to be only incidental to the religious life of America.

As a rule, however, I found a process of action and reaction going on between the foreign people and the communities in which they had settled. The most evident result of such a process is a change in the religious life of the native American population. Sometimes this change is one of decline and can be traced in large measure to the exclusiveness of the foreigners. A town in southern Illinois which I visited, for example, has been for decades subject to gradual inroads of Germans and Bohemians. In the early days of the town it had been, according to my informant, "historic ground for Methodism." Now it is filled with Catholics, Evangelicals, Lutherans, and German Methodists. These foreigners were used in the old countries to a life of drudgery, and they retained their habits of unremittent toil in their new surroundings. The Bohemians often made their working days last from three o'clock in the morning to nine o'clock at night. The American farmers could not—or would not—stand such a pace, and consequently yielded the land to the newcomers. The result has been a gradual but irresistible diminishing of English-speaking congregations and a spirit of lethargy among the English-speaking people who remain. A contributive force in this process has been the tendency, which exists in the Middle West to only a less degree than in New England, of the more enterprising spirits in the villages and smaller towns to seek the supposed advantages offered by the rapid growth of cities. The decay of religious institutions has been accompanied by a weakening of the moral character of the community, indicated not so much by the increase of vice or crime as by the paralysis of the will and the obliteration of the spirit of hopefulness and self-reliance.

Another effect of the presence of Europeans in an American community is to be seen in the result of their example in altering the publicly accepted standards of moral conduct. Whether these standards are as a rule conventional or vital depends upon one's point of view. One minister whom I met in Kansas considered them vital. He had formerly been the pastor of a church in St. Louis. Many of his parishioners were Germans who did not have his views about the

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delusive qualities of beer, or the proper ways of observing the Lord's day. He told me that one of his trustees who was fond of taking his family out driving on Sunday mornings would not infrequently remark if they happened to meet on Saturday: "Vell, looks like to-morrow be stormy; I'll be at church." The minister confessed that he was glad to flee into Kansas from such a demoralizing foreign influence. In another and even more distinctively German city I met a minister who testified to a somewhat similar result of foreign influence, though he had an altogether different opinion of it.

"When I first came here," he told me, "I was fresh from New England, and I had my New England ideas about right and wrong. I soon discovered that the Puritan feeling is dissipated here. A deacon—he was not a German—drove me about to show me the city. We came to a big brewery.

"'There are three grades of beer brewed there,' he said.

"'Is there any real difference?' I inquired, for I wanted to know all that I could about the industries of the city in which I was to live.

"'Yes, indeed; there is a very decided difference,' he answered.

"'Which is considered the best?' I asked.

"'Well,' he said in reply, 'for *my* part *I* like "export" best;' then seeing the surprise in my face, and anticipating my next and rather personal question, he added, 'Oh, yes, I *do*.'"

This clergyman, though pastor of a church strictly Puritan by right of descent, had come to believe that the influence of the foreign element upon the moral standard of the churches was wholesome; he believed that it revealed the conventionality of those standards, and that the churches' conception of Christian character could and ought to be freed from bondage to mere conventionality; or, in other words, that it introduced perspective into the Chinese flatness by which the Puritan depicted all acts of which he approved as of equal moral value.

So much for the influence of immigrants upon the religious life of America. What, in turn, has the influence of the American democracy been upon the religious life of these immigrants? In many respects this is a harder question to answer than the former, because it is harder for an American to trace changes in the life of an alien people than in the life of people among whom he lives. Nevertheless, some of these changes are very obvious. The American system of public education very rapidly breaks down racial barriers between children of different nationalities, and therefore modifies religious life in those respects in which it is determined by racial custom. An Irish priest pointed out to me the distinction that lies between German Catholics and Irish Catholics. In Germany, he said, the people are supremely proud of their church; they are ambitious to have the building well constructed and beautiful, the altar properly adorned, and the establishment well taken care of; but their relations to their priest are formal and somewhat impersonal. The Irish, on the other hand, are proverbially careless, not to say slovenly, in their care of the church; they are willing to have it and all its appurtenances shabby; but with their priest they are on intimate terms; they love to have him come as a familiar friend into their homes, be they poor or rich; they turn to him in every need—when they are harassed by debt they want his legal advice; when they are sick they look upon his presence as medicine; at their festivities he is the honored guest; and at the approach of death he is more than the official of the church, he is the companion for a little way on the road to the region of the blest. When the Germans come to this country they bring their loyalty to their church, and they build fine buildings for consecration. When the Irish become American they retain their loyalty to their priest and keep him as their friend. The German children and Irish children, however, play together, go to school together, speak the same language, and exchange ideas. Before long the Germans begin to be infected with the Irish loyalty to the priest, while they find their pride in their church in no wise impaired. The Irish, too, learn from the Germans; they still are as fond as ever of their Father Foley or their Father O'Brien, but they begin to be ashamed of their church buildings, that are so shabby beside the German churches, and they make them more tidy and try to improve them, and finally decide to

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rebuild. This Irish priest told me that he had gone West gradually, and he said that you could see the difference in the Irish people on each stage toward the setting sun, until when you came to Iowa, say, they were new creatures entirely. Before I bade him good-by he said to me —and he knew I was a Protestant— "We're like the islands of the sea; separate on top, but joined together down below the water."

A German Methodist of the Middle West talked to me very frankly about the people of his nationality. Most of what he said I found elsewhere confirmed. Some of his conversation with me, so far as it bears on this question of American influence upon the religious life of immigrants, is worth quoting.

"About thirty per cent., I should say, of German immigrants," he began by saying, "keep up their connections with the established churches—those are the Lutheran and the Reformed. The majority of these you would find difficult to distinguish from Catholics; they only go to their churches occasionally, and then not out of individual conviction—more out of custom and conformity. Most German immigrants keep away from the established churches because they are among the things for which they left Germany. It is very hard to work among such Germans, because of their rationalistic tendencies and conservatism."

"Both rationalistic and conservative? What do you mean?"

"I mean that Germans stick to their views whatever they are. They are not enthusiastic, especially in religion. Germans can be enthusiastic in politics—but not in religion. So the churches in this country that are made up of such people not in the established churches are liberal. In Germany such people would belong to free (that is irreligious) societies; here many of them, being free from the prejudice that they would have in Germany, belong to churches. These churches have had an influence on the Lutheran Church, and consequently the German churches in America are more liberal than they are in Germany. For the same reason the Lutherans are more 'spiritual' here than there. Many Lutheran churches have but one service; but if a German Methodist church is near by they need to keep up services to save their own people to themselves. The tendency in German churches in America is toward a liberal theology (though not the 'New Theology,' which is rationalistic though religious. The New Theology will appeal to the better educated of the German rationalists). In the East the German churches are becoming too much Americanized."

"Why do you think so?" I inquired.

"Because when Germans become Americanized they ought to go to American, not German churches. The German churches ought to be kept for those who want to go to church where German is used. There are a good many Germans who use English in business and even in their families who will not have use for English sermon. That is because they think of their religion in the German-Bible-language."

This conservatism in the use of language I noticed as a force frequently destructive of foreign churches in America. The older generation holds on to the use of the native tongue; in the meantime the younger people, who find English, to which they have become accustomed in the school, on the street, in business, and even in their homes, more acceptable, go to other churches; then when the older generation dies, the church dies, too. This has been the history of the Huguenot churches in America—of which only one, and that now wholly using English, is left; it will probably be the history of many other churches. So the foreign streams empty into the American sea.

In just two places I found some answer to the question: Are churches or individual Christians using the religious motive as a force for making out of these foreigners citizens in sympathy with the principles of the republic and appreciative of its gifts? In other words, to what extent among these foreigners is religion made a cause of patriotism? In both cases where I found an answer it happened that the foreigners were not Europeans; in one case they were American Indians, in the other Armenians and Chinese. Without question these two instances are representative of many; but I cite them to show not so much what is being done as what might be.

In Kansas there is a school for Indians

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carried on by the United States Government. The principal, a man whose stalwart character was well expressed in a physique and bearing that were emphatically vigorous, had the kindness to give me a glimpse of the school and its work. Strong, clean work it was—that I could see in the shops and in the bearing of the students. It was, however, the religious element in the school that seemed to me most significant. The principal's sympathetic appreciation of the religious instincts of the Indian was very keen, and to those instincts he appealed with a most practical tact. "Our discipline here is military," he said, "and therefore we have always had a guard-house for offenders, and it has been in frequent—sometimes daily—use; but discipline here is not merely for the sake of maintaining order—it is supremely for the sake of inculcating the love of order. So I decided upon a new method of discipline. When our chapel was built we designed it so as to include in the lower story a gymnasium. I want our students to associate religion with healthfulness and vigor of mind and body. When the building was ready for use I called the students together and I said to them: 'Boys, to-day we open the gymnasium for the first time. At the same time to-day I am going to close the guard-house, I hope for the last time.' The guard-house has not been used once since then, and that was months ago." That is one instance in which I saw religion used as a force in preparing aliens for citizenship.

The other instance was in a New England city. Involving more didactic effort than the case I have just described, this illustration was somewhat more pronounced. An active member of a large Congregational church in this city had been for years interested in the foreigners that had drifted into the services. One day, while he was teaching a men's class in the Sunday-school, an Armenian presented himself as a pupil. The Armenian was looking for help in learning English and in finding support. In the course of a few weeks other Armenians joined him. Before long the teacher had to abandon his former class and give all his time to the Armenians. "I told them," he said, "that if they would come regularly, I would teach them English and help them to become good Americans. So they came, and this is what I kept saying to them: 'You Armenians find freedom here and a chance to live and be useful. You call this "God's country" and you are right. It is God that has made this country what it is. So since this is God's country you all ought to be brothers!' One day a Chinaman appeared at the Sunday-school and the officers of the school, not knowing what else to do with him, sent him in to me. After the session the Armenians came up to me and protested against having a 'foreigner' like him admitted. 'Look here,' said I,' when you Armenians came didn't I put up with you? Then I guess you Armenians must stand the Chinaman. Didn't I say that this is God's country because he has made us all to be brothers to one another?' So the Chinaman remained and other Chinese came. One day a Chinaman whom I knew to be honest and orderly was tormented by small boys, there was some disorder, and the Chinaman was put into jail. I immediately bailed him out. Thereupon an Armenian who had been constantly asking for financial assistance came to me and said, 'You help the Chinaman; why don't you help me?' That's the failing of these Armenians, to be begging for help. I said to him, 'I didn't do anything for the Chinaman that I wouldn't do for an American; and I won't do anything for you that I wouldn't do for an American. This is God's country because God has put people here on their own reliance.' So it has gone. The Armenians have organized an Armenian Congregational church, and they worship here in the lecture room. As the older people pass away the church will disintegrate, for the younger Armenians prefer to use English and unite with the American church; and it is better so. These American flags and streamers that are decorating their room were put up for the Christmas celebration; they chose the Stars and Stripes instead of evergreens because they are beginning to see now that Christianity is helping them to become good Americans."

It is plain that the republic and its foreign population are leaven and lump in turns. My general impression may be briefly stated in this wise: the effect of America upon the religious life of

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immigrants is almost uniformly wholesome; the influence of immigrants upon American religious life, though sometimes temporarily demoralizing, is, on the whole, decidedly in the direction of breadth and genuineness.

Paying an Old Score

By Charles Frederic Goss

IT was one of those days when the elemental forces of both the inorganic and organic worlds seem to conspire to thwart a single tiny atom—man. The heavens had disgorged themselves of floods of rain, making the pavements wet and slippery. Two of the people whom I had gone to Indianapolis to see were out of town, and the rest were too busy or cross to talk freely with me.

I sat in the lobby of the Blank House meditating on the perversity of nature and human nature, scowling over the failure of my plans and the chagrin which I knew my clients would experience when I made my report. For a long time I was too absorbed with my own troubles to take the slightest interest in the throngs of men who scuffled across the marble floor, or sat in the easy chairs, smoking, reading, scheming, regretting, hoping, fearing. At last I looked up, and began to wonder whether any one of them was as miserable as I! "What were they all struggling after?" I asked myself, cynically. How absurd they seemed—fussing and fuming, caressing and pluming themselves! Of course they would fail in the long run, no matter what they were struggling after! Nature always "wins the game" at last, however ardently the gamblers play! I made these comments in a general way as I swept my eyes over the mass, and then began to single out individuals and to say to myself: "That old fellow all huddled up in the corner has got *his* solar-plexus blow! Anybody can see *that! He'll* never stand up for another round!" "That nabob over there with his back to me (the stout man with the Prince Albert and two rolls of fat over his collar) is a millionaire; I can tell it even from a rear view! Nothing is so demonstrative as success. Its capacity for self-revelation is infinite. But no matter! That blood-vessel in the left lobe of his brain is getting too thin! Some day, while he is sitting in his office like a spider waiting for its prey—click! the vessel has burst and it's all over!" "And that young swell in his dress suit (going to a reception, I suppose) thinks the world is *his* oyster, does he? Well—so did I when I was his age!"

There wasn't a passage in Ecclesiastes or Schopenhauer that I couldn't have swallowed whole, so low was I in my spirits, when suddenly my attention was attracted to a stout old gentleman of three score and ten (or thereabouts) who sat right next me, in an easy rocking-chair. He had just taken his hat off and was rubbing his bald head with a silk handkerchief; after he had made it shine like a door-knob he polished his spectacles, then he smoothed his knees caressingly with his hands, and finally rubbed them together in that universal gesture by which men give silent expression to absolute contentment. I now looked at his face; it was wrinkled, but ruddy and rubicund, and was lighted by a happy smile. That smile exasperated me! I was in one of those moods when even harmony is discord; when even the song of a bird rasps the nerves like the filing of a saw. What was this old fool smiling at? A man of his years ought to know better than to assume that silly grin! There's nothing in life to make a man *genuinely* happy, and it's sheer hypocrisy to try to appear so!

Blissfully unconscious of these cynical comments of mine, the old man smiled on, and after a while polished his forehead again, then his spectacles, then caressed his knee, then rubbed his hands together, as before. My lip curled. I had hard work to keep from telling him what I thought. But after he had repeated this pantomime as many as six times, my mood began to change, and I at last found myself unconsciously smiling *with* him. I suppose, if he had cried, I should have wept with him—so mysteriously do these instruments in the great human orchestra

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tune each other to their own keys. In a surprisingly short time my interest in the old man had become so deep that I actually forgot my own troubles and determined to find out what had made him so happy.

"Excuse me," said I, touching his arm, "but I cannot restrain my curiosity any longer. I am suffering from a horrible attack of the blues, and you seem so happy that I would like to share your pleasure."

He turned suddenly, eyed me sharply (and I noticed that his eyes could pierce as well as twinkle), and replied, "How did *you* know I was happy?"

"Oh—you have been rubbing your hands together and smiling in a perfectly unmistakable way," I said.

"Have I? I didn't know it! But say, stranger, you hit the nail on the head—I *am* happy! And if you want to hear about it, I'll just read you a chapter out of my life," he said.

"I do," I answered eagerly.

"It may be a long one and a dull one—to you!"

"I'll take my chances! It couldn't be so dull as my own thoughts."

"Well, here goes!" he said, lighting a cigar and settling himself in an easy attitude.

"When I was a little cub twelve years old, my mother died, and the next thing I knew, my father had married again. He didn't consult *me*—you understand. The woman might have suited his taste; but she didn't suit mine a little bit. I stood her for a year, and then one night I just pulled out. So far as I know, even my father never took the trouble to hunt me up. I walked northward from Cincinnati until I saw the first signs of morning, and then, tired and cold, I crawled under a cock of hay and fell asleep. I'll bet the world never looked bigger and emptier and more unhospitable to any man that ever breathed than it did to me in the gray light. I felt like a little fly on the great, pale, dead face of the universe. It makes me shudder yet! It was almost noon when I woke, stiff, hungry, and scared. At first I wished I hadn't come. Then I remembered how I'd been abused, and gritted my teeth. I've always found that gritting my teeth has a moral value. I don't know just why. It's like whistling—which screws your courage up, I s'pose. After that I crawled out into the highway and walked on. There was a farm-house a little way down the road, and I thought I'd stop and ask for something to eat; but when I got to it, my heart failed me. Such little cusses as I was lose heart mighty easy, stranger. I've always felt for 'em. You have to feel *with* folks before you can feel *for* 'em. Well, I passed the door and then looked back. In the garden there was a little bareheaded and barefooted girl about my own age. She was looking at me, and our eyes met. When they met, something seemed to flash inside me like an electric spark. I've felt it often—when women looked at me. S'pose you have, eh?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Well, she smiled and I smiled, and I forgot all about being tired and miserable, and climbed right over the fence and went straight toward her. She was picking roses off of a bush, and when I got close, we stood and looked at each other a minute, and then she smiled again and so did I. 'Do you live here?' says I. And she said she did. 'Do you think your ma would give me some bread?' says I. 'Are you hungry?' says she. 'Awful,' says I. You ought to have seen her face! That little tow-headed girl (she wasn't as old as I was) seemed to see right through the whole business. Women are queer about that—you know. Stone walls are *nothing!* They can see plumb through them—and then, again, they can't seem to see through a French plate-glass window. 'Let's go and see,' she said, and I followed her straight into the kitchen. 'Ma,' says she to a kind-looking woman (I remember wishing my old governor had chosen one like her), 'ma, this boy is hungry. Can he have some bread and butter and a little sugar?' 'I didn't ask for butter and sugar, but only for bread,' says I. That made her smile, and she looked in a nice way at the little girl, and then said to me, 'Who *are* you?' And I told her plump and fair about my stepmother. 'Was she cross and did she whip you?' she asked, and I told her she did. 'Are you a good boy? Do you love God and say your prayers?' she said; and I hung my head and looked down and scratched my ankle with my toe. 'You ought to,' she said, and went right into the pantry and cut off four great slices of bread, and put butter and sugar on them, and I ate them like a wolf. Lord! but they tasted good. I've never tasted

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anything like them *since*. 'Poor dear!' she said when she saw me eat, and just bent over and kissed me. That kiss broke me, and I put my head down on the table and cried. She patted it kindly, and when I looked up I saw two tears on the little girl's cheeks."

The old man paused to blow a ring of smoke—and his nose. "After I had eaten enough," he continued, "the woman made me tell my whole story and seemed to believe me. And when her husband came in to dinner, she made me tell it again and he *didn't* believe me. I knew he didn't, though he didn't say so. He wasn't the same kind as his wife; but he wasn't *bad*. He'd seen more of life, I suppose. Sometimes I think the more we see of it the less we know about it. Anyway, after dinner I helped the woman and the little girl wash up the dishes, and then she and I went out to play. I'll never forget that afternoon. It seemed forever and it didn't seem a minute. We went into the garden and picked flowers; and then into the barn and hunted eggs; and then into a meadow where she had a play-house in some elderberry bushes, and she served a dinner on some cracked dishes. I remember hearing a meadow-lark sing, just as we stepped outside to go home. I had heard millions before, and never thought much about them; but somehow or other that one's song went down into me and made me tremble. Why do you s'pose that was? I reckon there are times when the strings in us are keyed up mighty high and the hand that strikes them at the right moment makes them jingle. Anyway, I've never heard a meadow-lark sing since that day without being in that meadow and feeling that little girl beside me. And what do you think I did? We stood listening to that bird a few minutes, and then we looked into each other's eyes, and I just put my arms around her and kissed her. Yes, sir, I just yielded to nature. It ain't safe; I don't advocate it; but I did it, and I can't honestly say I'm sorry."

The old man paused again, blew a wreath of smoke, caressed the knee of his trousers, rubbed his hands, and looked into space.

"What next?" I asked.

He appeared to come back from a great distance, and, looking at me as if trying to connect the present with the past, said, "Oh—I forgot! Well, I stayed all night, and the next morning, after breakfast, the man told me that I had better be moving. It seemed hard to me, but children are fatalists (or maybe Christians) naturally! They just accept the inevitable. He wasn't hard and rough about it. He said they were poor people and couldn't afford to feed me; that I wasn't big enough to work on a farm, and so on. The woman cried. They're different, women are. *She'd* have kept me! Well, I didn't have any trunk to pack, and so I just packed myself, and when I shook hands with the girl I choked up a little. But I got out in the best shape I could and pushed on, my heart feeling like a lump of lead. I s'pose I'd gone about a hundred rods when I heard a sound behind me and turned around. And what do you think? That little girl was coming down the road with a bundle, her bare feet pattering in the hot sand and sounding like music.

"'I thought you might get hungry,' she said, handing it to me.

"'Maybe I would,' says I.

"'Good-by!' says she, stretching out her hand.

"'Good-by!' says I, taking it and holding it a minute. I wanted to kiss her again, but somehow I didn't dare. When I did it before, I didn't stop to think. This time I was scared and trembled all over. I always thought she felt disappointed; her lips kind of pouted out like a rosebud, and when I dropped her hand, the corners of them sunk down a little and the tears stood in her eyes. After she turned around and walked home, I could have killed myself for a coward, and I feel the same way now. But—well—I'm spinning this yarn out pretty *fine!* I reckon you've heard enough."

"Not if there is more," I said.

"Oh, yes, there's more," he continued. "I struck Chicago at last and *hustled*. I had a notion that I'd get rich and go back and marry that little girl. But it takes time for a poor little chap like I was to get rich! I *did* it, though! But long 'fore I was rich (I think it was when I was about twenty), I'd saved up a thousand dollars and I went back on my trail to find her."

He knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"Well?" said I.

"She was gone," he said, and then, after waiting a moment, continued: "Her father had died, and her mother and she

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had left the country. I hunted for them high and low, far and wide, but they hadn't left any more trace of themselves than two birds flying through the air. It nearly killed me; but I got over the worst of it in time and met another girl and fell in love and married her and raised a family and got richer and richer and lived happy and all that; but I never could get reconciled to the idea that while I was living in luxury that little girl might be poor and maybe suffering."

At this point he once more went through that pantomime which had first attracted my attention.

"I'm coming to the point now," he said, taking a couple of long whiffs. "This morning I was walking around Indianapolis to see what kind of a town it was, and strayed out into the edge of the city. Suddenly I came on an old woman sitting on a door-step, crying. "What's up?" says I to myself—and then I saw an auction flag hanging out of a window. There was always something about an auction flag that *hurt* me. You know how a red rag affects a bull? Well, I don't get *mad*, but I feel *sad*. Bad luck, you know—trouble, failure. Gracious! I can't stand it! Well, I just stopped and leaned over the gate, and, says I, 'Excuse me, madam, can I help you?' She looked up, and I saw that she was old and poor, but decent-looking—might have been handsome when she was young, I thought (I'm partial to good looks, and it didn't hurt her case any).

"'No, thank you,' says she.

"'Being sold out?' I asked—(I'm blunt).

"'Yes, sir. I've had trouble,' she said.

"'What's the matter?'

"'My husband was an invalid for five years, and when he died the other day I had to give up the place for the mortgage, and must sell the goods to pay for his funeral.'

"'How long have you lived here?' says I.

"'Twenty years,' says she.

"'Where did you come from?'

"'Indiana.'

"'Indiana? What part?' says I, pricking up my ears.

"'Doddsville.'

"'Was that where you were born?'

"'No, I was born near Ferguson.'

"'On a farm?'

"Yes.'

"'On the paddock road?'

"'Yes.'

"'Was your name Beardsley?'

"'It was,' she answered, surprised like.

"Stranger, I'm seventy-two; but I jumped the fence!" he said, rubbing his hands.

"Was it that little girl?" I asked, leaning forward eagerly.

"That's what it was!" he replied, rubbing his knee.

"Well, well? What did you *do?*" I inquired, almost breathlessly.

He looked at me and winked.

"Do?" said he, after a minute. "I bought up the stuff, and got the house back and gave it to her, and put five thousand dollars in the bank in her name."

Once more the old man performed his pantomime. He took off his hat, polished his bald head, then his spectacles, caressed his knee, rubbed his hands, and smiled.

"I guess that'll see her through; but if it don't, there's more where it came from!" he said, rising, and brushing the ashes of his cigar from his coat.

Napoleon and Robespierre[1]

AN interesting and suggestive list of books to be made out by the people who like doing that sort of thing is one showing how regularly now for decades one or more of the most noteworthy volumes of each year has dealt with the French Revolution or with that period for which the Revolution is responsible—the Napoleonic era. There is reason enough for it. It is the period in which men actually did what every vigorous-thinking youth sometimes dreams of doing—took society in hand to make it over. They stripped their world of all that clothed it—sparing that which protected and beautified no more than that which stifled and distorted, and undertook to dress it anew after modes of their own

[1] *Robespierre.* A story. By Hilaire Belloc, B.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Life of Napoleon I. Including new material from the British Official Records. By John Holland Rose, M.A. 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Napoleon. A sketch of his life, character, struggles, and achievements. By Thomas E. Watson. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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invention. It is human nature in the raw struggling to root out its inherent weaknesses, to lop off the excrescences of centuries, to attain in a lifetime what ages have failed to give. There is no period of human history so packed with tragedy and comedy, so rich in demonstrations of all the varying possibilities of human nature. Nor is there any equal period so chaotic, so bewildering, so difficult to systematize and to reproduce. It is its difficulties no less than its ideals and its experiments which enthrall so many students and put them under a sort of necessity to undertake to clear up some one of its problems or to make real one or another of its powerful characters. For instance, the strongest impression made by one of the really notable books on the French Revolution which appeared in 1901, Hilaire Belloc's "Robespierre," is that the author was under intellectual compulsion to satisfy himself as to what kind of a man Robespierre was. From cover to cover you feel the wrestle of the writer with his material, the straining to understand, the effort to portray. Of course this is bad art; the reader feels when he has finished, as the author evidently did, that he is not quite sure that this is the complete Robespierre, but if in a way the chaos and the bewilderment of the period have crept into the book, the main argument of it is clear enough, and is elaborated with full knowledge, with fervor, sympathy, and honesty.

Mr. Belloc's "Robespierre" is the theorist Robespierre, the man who, with a hard and fast set of formulæ, gathered mainly from Rousseau, set about the reconstruction of France. From an obscure position in a provincial town he comes to be the head of the most powerful club which ever existed, the Jacobin—to be the idol of a people, the leader of a nation, and all by affirming and reaffirming ceaselessly, in a cold, hard way, a set of fundamental truths. The power of abstract ideas once grasped, over the masses, was never more powerfully demonstrated than by the rise of Maximilian Robespierre. The people followed him because he had made them understand the principles of regeneration, and because he never obscured them by qualifications or exceptions. There were no exceptions to the laws of the perfect society according to Robespierre, and if a man attempted to make one he must be a traitor and consequently only fit to die. It was his insistence on his pure formulæ which carried Robespierre up. It was his final slight compromise with them, made late in his career and for the sake of power, which put him with other men, and destroyed him. Mr. Belloc, whatever his bewilderment at points of his narrative, never loses his grip on this the essential Robespierre.

That the real Robespierre was as bloodless as Mr. Belloc makes him, we doubt; a man utterly dry, reiterating, irritable, could not do all that Robespierre did. It must have taken something beside his pure devotion to the Revolutionary creed to bind the Jacobins so tightly to him. The love of St. Just, of Camille, of Desmoulins, of the good Duplay, the family in which he lived, was not to be won by Mr. Belloc's Robespierre. There is something to the man which he has missed in his insistence on what unquestionably was the predominating thing.

The book abounds in brilliant descriptions and in not a few of real feeling and strength; for instance, the very difficult task of describing the terrible hours after the shooting of Robespierre, and before his end at the guillotine, is handled with admirable restraint and delicacy. Altogether Mr. Belloc has written a book everybody ought to be glad of, whatever his point of view on the Revolution.

Much reading on the period of the Revolution, particularly on the lives of its victims, creates a necessity for reading on Napoleon; the one ends in so awful a chaos that there comes to be a mental demand to see things put in order—put in order by any means so be it that the guillotine is hushed and a government endures over night. One is left in the slough of despond by such a story as that of Robespierre, where men who began by slaying each other to preserve the doctrines end in slaying each other to preserve their own power. Peace, order, safety, progress, all of those ends which a government is supposed to exist to insure, have been destroyed. Any man may lose his head at any hour, not to say his family and his property. It was Napoleon who restored stability—he who reads on the Revolution will always read on Napoleon.

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This last year has given us some particularly satisfactory books. Unquestionably the greatest of these, the most permanent, scholarly, and justifiable, is Rose's "Life of Napoleon." The book was written because the author had something which even the most rigid historical conscience would say was worth writing; not only had he studied the large amount of French and German material which has been published in the last decade, and which bears especially on foreign relations in the period, but, what is much more important, he had used the unpublished British Records from 1795 to 1815. The result is that without destroying the proportions of his narrative Rose has contributed many new facts and incidents, particularly to the periods just preceding the great struggles Napoleon waged with England and the Continent. As it is just these preliminaries to the great campaigns which are the most obscure portions of the era, Mr. Rose's Life has a freshness of interest which one has almost ceased to expect in a life of Napoleon. One gets a more realizing sense than is to be had in any other one life of what the other actors in the struggle were doing. We are able to see what was going on in the Cabinets of England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, before the great clashes came, as well as in France. We get a clearer notion of the English and Continental point of view on Napoleon himself—and this counts for much in understanding his rise and fall. The varying degrees of contempt, of admiration, of loathing, which he inspired in peoples, the varying convictions that he was a great adventurer, a great liberator, a great scourge, had much to do with the character of the resistance he met at various times, and the change and growth of the popular notions of Napoleon the author shows very clearly.

Although Mr. Rose has handled a large amount of unpublished material in preparing his Life, he has never, so far as we have noticed, yielded to the temptation to subordinate his narrative to his new material. It is a sore temptation this to reproduce in full a new and illuminating letter or report. In the records of the English Foreign Office Mr. Rose examined the confidential correspondence from the English representatives at the courts of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, not to speak of those at the score or more of small courts of Europe, as well as the formal communications from the foreign ministers of those countries. It may be he was the first historical student to read the free discussions, racy comments, and delicate intriguing with which such correspondence is sure to be full; at all events he is the first to use them. Although his narrative is enriched constantly by the results of this reading, it is never burdened by the documents themselves. He uses them sparingly even in foot-notes, a place in which too many writers of historical narratives are inclined to heap up their new documents until their books become a collection of raw material hung on a thread of narrative.

Mr. Rose's judgments on Napoleon himself are, on the whole, as just and unprejudiced as we have a right to expect from an Anglo-Saxon. He recognizes what is essential to any appreciation at all of the Corsican—his genius. The man who insists on measuring Napoleon with the yardstick of ordinary human nature is utterly unfit to write about him. He leaves out of account that which made the man. That there are writers who have no feeling for genius, who may be said not to know it when they see it, goes without saying. Several such persons have attempted to write lives of Napoleon. They have been lives with Napoleon left out. Rose feels the genius, both in warfare and in statesmanship, of the man he handles. The man looms over all Europe in the book as he did in life. But the author is not so dazzled by the genius that he does not see the bully and the tyrant. He brings those things out in such a way that one feels the man weakening even as he grows in power. It was his brutal attacks on the private and public lives of others—attacks in petty matters which perhaps called out no other comment at the time than that this Napoleon was not a gentleman, attacks in large matters which humiliated a friend or follower before a court, and which made men reflect that this "deliverer," though he might be fighting to establish justice, still at times had no notion of the rights of those about him—which did as much to weaken Napoleon in the long run as the monumental self-confidence which led him

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to undertake what was without the power of a human being.

One gets both the genius and the brute from Rose's broad, firm treatment. It is a great accomplishment. It is this comprehension of the character of the man, combined with the mastery of not only all old sources of information, but of a mass of new material, that makes the book a really notable achievement.

It is hardly fair to speak of Mr. Thomas E. Watson's "Napoleon" after Mr. Rose's. The author has had access to no new material; indeed, he frankly admits at the start that he has used only the ordinary printed sources—and he has no unusual command of these. His point of view is that of the admirer and apologist—a rather aggressive apologist he is, too, sometimes, for the genius of his hero has dazzled him until he is a little impatient of any criticism of his conduct. But if the material and point of view lack freshness, the book is still well calculated to be what it was intended for, a "popular life" of Napoleon. It is well written, careful, and interesting, and the reader who wants one brief study of the Corsican's life will find himself very well served by Mr. Watson.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Billy Burgundy's Letters. Illustrated. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 74 pages. 75c.

The success of Mr. George Ade, Mr. Edward Townsend ("Chimmie Fadden"), and others in writing studies in slang has encouraged, unhappily, we think, a number of imitators. The present book is not only slangy and "sporty," but is also foolish, and tries to be amusing at the expense of all reasonable moral standards.

Complete Geography. By H. Justin Roddy, M.S. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 10×12½ in. 144 pages. $1.

Complete Geography (A). By Ralph S. Tarr, B.S., F.G.S.A., and Frank M. McMurry, Ph.D. Maps and Illustrations. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6¼×8¼ in. 478 pages. $1.

This work differs in many particulars from all books of its general class now before the public. The introductory chapters deal with the physiographic history of the continent, its geological changes, the ice age; secondly, with the plants, animals, and peoples of North America; and, thirdly, with a discussion of the general subject of latitude and longitude. Immediately thereafter the sections of the United States are taken up one by one, and each is treated, not only with regard to its physical and political geography, but very fully with regard to its industries, distribution of population, development, products, and, although briefly, with its history. Following this, other countries are treated in the same way, although less fully. The publishers have inserted hundreds of small pictures, which have been admirably selected with a view of showing what is typical and important in each region. Altogether the book possesses a greater interest and value than the ordinary school geography. Its weakest point, in our judgment, is found in its maps.

Dangerous Trades: The Historical, Social, and Legal Aspects of Industrial Occupations as Affecting Health, by a Number of Experts. Edited by Thomas Oliver, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 891 pages. $8, net.

This large volume deals in an exhaustive and thorough way with a subject of decided importance in its economic and legal aspects. It will undoubtedly be a reference book of authority for all who have occasion to examine the subjects covered by it. The many chapters are prepared by experts and specialists in various branches of scientific research. The editor, Dr. Oliver, contributes many of the most valuable chapters. We may name a few out of the sixty topics treated as an indication of the character of the work, which we hope to examine more carefully hereafter: the history and character of legislation relating to injurious and dangerous industries is treated in several chapters by Miss Anderson, a factory inspector, and by Mr. Tennant, M.P., who has been chairman of a Parliamentary committee on dangerous trades; "Child Labor" is by Miss McMillan, member of the Bradford School Board; "Infant Mortality," by Mrs. Tennant and Dr. Reid, a Health Board officer; "Railways," by Mr. Cunynghame, the Assistant Home Secretary; "Dust, Lead and its Compounds," "China Manufactures," "Phosphorus and Lucifer Matches," "Flour Mills," are all treated by Dr. Oliver; the "Air of Mines," by Dr. Haldane; while "Arsenic," "Steel Grindings," "Quarries," and "Rags" are a few of the other topics examined.

Extempore Prayer: Its Principles, Preparation, and Practice. By Rev. Marshall P. Talling, Ph.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 302 pages. $1.25, net.

This is a book which deserves study by all who have the responsibility of conducting

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public or social prayer. By "extempore" prayer is meant prayer that, while free, is not impromptu, but rather conscientiously premeditated. The design of the writer is to aid in the preparation for this both in heart and mind and expression, as being no less important for the non-liturgical churches than preparation for preaching. Separate treatment is given to family prayer and to the prayer-meeting, and an anthology of some ninety prayers, ancient and modern, is added for illustration and suggestion, but apparently not for use either in reading or memorizing. Dr. Talling pronounces against all fixed forms of prayer. The late President Woolsey, of Yale, favored rather a combination of free prayer with the use of a few collects embodying certain staple and ever-recurring themes. Between prohibiting all fixed forms and prohibiting every form not fixed many will prefer the middle way. Dr. Talling is a British writer, but the American proof-reader has allowed a number of British proper names to be misspelled.

George Eliot. By Leslie Stephen. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 206 pages. 75c.

A model of literary biography by one of the most thoroughly trained biographers of the day. A close, analytical, but not unsympathetic study of the genius and the work of George Eliot, presenting the facts of her life with sufficient fullness to meet all legitimate demands and supply all necessary intelligence, and yet laying the emphasis of the story where it belongs—on the development of her talent and the history of her art. The workmanship of the book, the keenness of its analysis, its occasional touches of humor, which are as luminous as criticism, its admirable reserve, and its lucidity make it a delightful book to read; and it must be ranked among the best of the short biographies among which it finds its place.

History of the Roman People. By Charles Seignobos. Translation Edited by William Fairley, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 528 pages. $1.25, net.

While there is no lack of school histories of Rome presenting the latest results of learning, there is certainly room for one that presents them as graphically as does M. Seignobos, with that charming lucidity characteristic of French writers. Dr. Fairley by translating his work, with some omissions and additions, has performed a service that can hardly fail of appreciation. The additions have a distinct value, partly as continuing the history to the era of Charlemagne, partly in their exposition of the underlying significance of great events. A valuable feature of M. Seignobos's work, which has been preserved in Dr. Fairley's supplementary chapters, is the account made of Christianity from its beginnings as an element in the history of the Roman Empire.

Introduction to Physical Science. By Alfred Payson Gage, Ph.D. (Revised Edition.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 359 pages.

Italian Renaissance in England (The). By Lewis Einstein. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¾×7 in. 420 pages. $1.50.

Kiss and Its History (The). By Dr. Christopher Nyrop. Translated by William Frederick Harvey. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 189 pages. $2, net.

Manual of Astronomy. By Charles A. Young. Ph.D., LL.D. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×8¼ in. 611 pages. $2.25.

This manual fills an intermediate place between two other well-known text-books by the author, one of which is elementary and the other is intended for general college use. We need hardly refer to Professor Young's standing among astronomers and to his previous work in the preparation of scientific text-books as a positive guarantee of the thorough way in which the present volume is prepared. A word of special praise should be given for the typographical form and arrangement, and for the excellent illustration.

Montgomery Siege (The). By J. M. Harper. (Souvenir Historical Booklets.) Albert B. King & Co., 105 William Street, New York. 4½×6 in. 102 pages.

New Panjandrum (The). By G. E. Farrow. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 199 pages. $1.50.

This is an amusing extravaganza in which children, animals, and curious beings which belong to neither class revel in all sorts of rollicking and impossible adventures.

Our Success in Child-Training. Practical Experiences of Many Mothers. Edited by Gustav Pollak. The Contemporary Publishing Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 210 pages. $1.

Queen Moo's Talisman: The Fall of the Maya Empire. By Alice Dixon Le Plongeon. Peter Eckler, 35 Fulton Street, New York. 6¼×9½ in. 86 pages. $1.50.

Rataplan; A Rogue Elephant. By Ellen Velvin, F. Z. S. Illustrated. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 328 pages. $1.25, net.

Children will be pleased with the pictures of animals in color; and the stories of the adventures of the elephant, giraffe, hippopotamus, jackal, and other beasts are told in a simple way, and with that personation and humanizing of animals which always seem so much to arouse children's imaginations.

School of Architecture of the University of Pennsylvania: A Biennial Review Illustrating the Work in Design and Drawing, with a Statement of the Courses of Instruction. Published by the University, Philadelphia. 9½×12½ in. 101 pages.

Short Introduction to the Literature of the Bible. By Richard G. Moulton, M.A. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 374 pages. $1.

A notice of this book was published in the issue of August 3, 1901.

Some of the Rhymes of Ironquill. (A Book of Moods.) Eleventh Edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 365 pages. $1.50.

A new edition of the verse of the newly appointed Commissioner of Pensions.

Unter Vier Augen. By Ludwig Fulda. Der Prozess. By Roderich Benedix. Edited by William Addison Hervey. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½×6¾ in. 135 pages. 53c., net.

Tragedy of Paotingfu (The). By Isaac C. Ketler. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 400 pages. $2, net.

This is a book which should be in every library

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in the land. Unenviable is any one who can read it without the tribute of admiration to those who added themselves to their country's honor-roll by dying at the post of danger as martyrs to the cause both of civilization and religion. There are chapters in it to kindle the coldest heart. Yet the narrative is very simple and dispassionate, though suffused with tender feeling. Brief biographical sketches of the eleven martyr missionaries and their four children who perished in the Boxer fury are supplemented with a detailed account of the fatal half year that ended two summers since. The record closes with an account of the honor paid to their memory by Americans, Chinese, and Europeans some eight months later, when order had been restored. The volume is amply furnished with portraits of the victims and illustrations of the place which their lives and deaths have made hallowed ground.

World's People. By Julien Gordon (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger). J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 352 pages. $1.50.

"They also had a tinge of that brutality which the large, facile life of wealth leaves on people whose whims it daily gratifies." This judgment, passed by the author on a group of people in one of these stories, might well be applied to most of the characters in the book. The reader feels that he is making rather unpleasant acquaintances. The tales and sketches—clever in construction, character-drawing, and diction—describe a world that is part sensual, part mercenary, part flippant, and part bored, but which under certain crises reveals the existence in some of its inhabitants of elemental virtue.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Is the soul of man immortal, or is immortality bestowed at some time and on certain conditions? If the soul is immortal, how can the following quotations be explained so as not to antagonize this belief? Matthew x., 28: "Fear him which is able to *destroy* both *soul* and body in hell." 1 Timothy vi., 16: "Lord of lords, *who only* hath immortality." Romans ii., 6, 7: "To them who by patient continuance in well doing *seek for immortality*." C. M. K.

The Outlook regards immortality as the gift of God, and subject, as is every other gift of God, to its proper conditions. Such conditions are referred to in the passage you quote from Romans. For study of the subject in this point of view read Dr. McConnell's "Evolution of Immortality" (The Macmillan Company, New York, $1.25).

In Daniel x., 13, Gabriel tells Daniel that he was hindered in coming to him by the "prince of the kingdom of Persia," and that he was assisted by "Michael, one of the chief princes," etc. Who or what is meant by the prince of the kingdom of Persia, by Michael, and the kings of Persia also referred to? H. G. T.

The passage gives a glimpse of Jewish angelology, in which Gabriel and Michael are names of good angels, "princes," among whom Michael was pre-eminent. "The prince of Persia" was a hostile angel, influential in its affairs. "Kings" is to be understood literally.

Inquiry is made by "W. D." for the poem called "Christ in the Garden." It may be found in a little book compiled by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, called "Familiar Hymns for Social Meetings," page 116. Published in New York by Carlton & Porter, Tract Society, 200 Mulberry Street, in 1864. I suppose further information in regard to the book may be obtained at the Methodist Book Rooms. M. W.

Another correspondent sends a copy of the poem, which we shall be glad to send to "W. D." on receipt of address.

Is there any translation of Sitta's "Celebrated Italian Families"? If there be a translation, by whom made, the publishers, and the price? C. M. S.

We know of none.

Will you not furnish your readers with a short list of the best books and speeches on the Philippine question? C. B. S.

1. Dean Worcester's "The Philippine Islands." 2. Frederic H. Sawyer's "The Inhabitants of the Philippines." 3. Benjamin Kidd's "Control of the Tropics." 4. Goldwin Smith's "Commonwealth or Empire." 5. Franklin Giddings's "Democracy and Empire." 6. Jacob Schurman's "Philippine Problems." 7. The speeches of Senators Spooner and Beveridge. 8. The speeches of Senators Hoar and Carmack. Numbers 1, 3, 5, and 7 favor American rule in the Philippines; numbers 2, 4, 6, and 8 favor Philippine independence if the Filipinos desire it.

Kindly tell me the best Bible dictionary, and the price. A. McC.

The best is probably Hastings's, just complete in several volumes, price about $20. For about a tenth of that sum Davis's one volume can be had; it is of the extremely conservative school. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publish both.

Can you help me to find the author and the balance of the hymn, or poem, of which I give four lines below as follows:

"O glorious hour! O grateful day!
The stone of grief is rolled away,
And faith is standing nigh
In shining raiment, pure and bright."

C. H. B.

In your Notes and Queries of June 28 I notice the question of "T. W." [on the problem of physical catastrophes as related to divine benevolence]. President William DeWitt Hyde's "Practical Idealism," particularly the last chapter on the world of Religion, handles the subject of "T. W.'s" question so helpfully that he may be glad to see it. M. F. B.

"W. K. S.," who May 3 inquired about an essay of Richard Whately, may be interested to know that an authorized edition of "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte, from the Eleventh London Edition, 12mo, pp. 48; paper covers, 25c.; cloth, 40c.," was published some years ago by Warren F. Draper, Andover, Mass. W. W. R.

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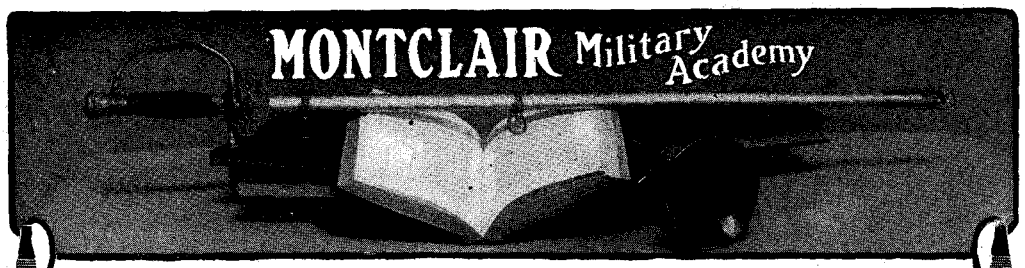

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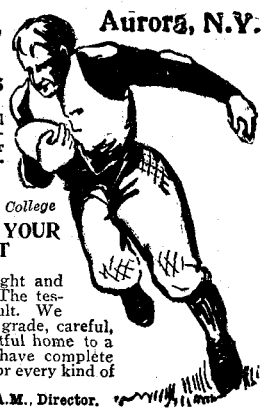

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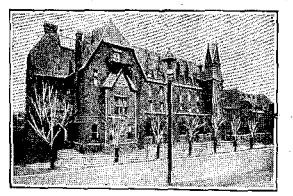

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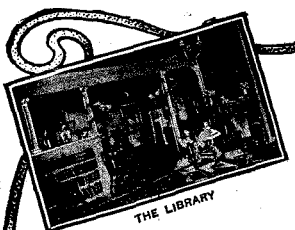

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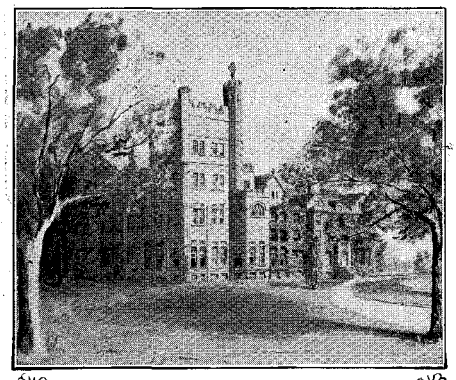

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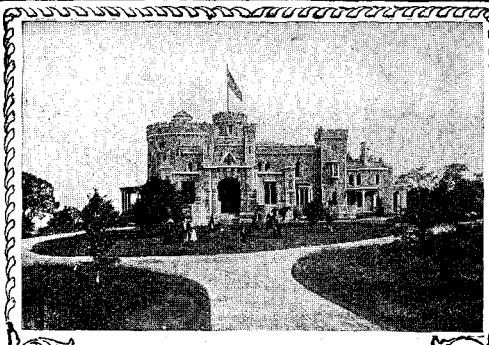

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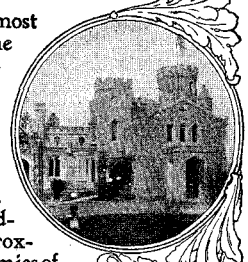

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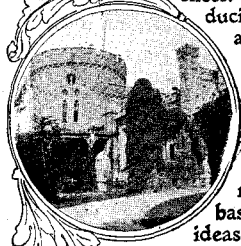

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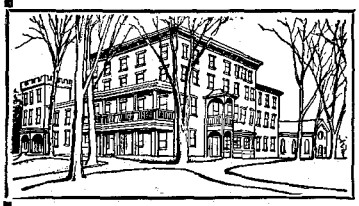

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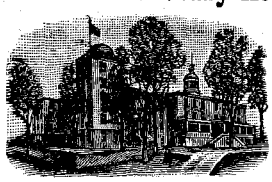

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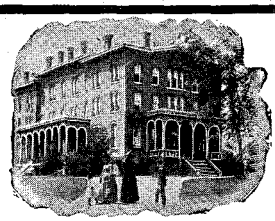

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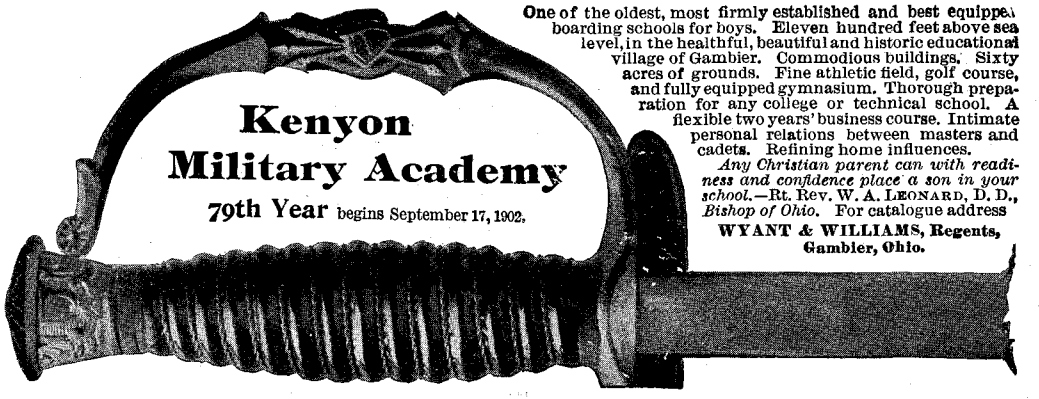

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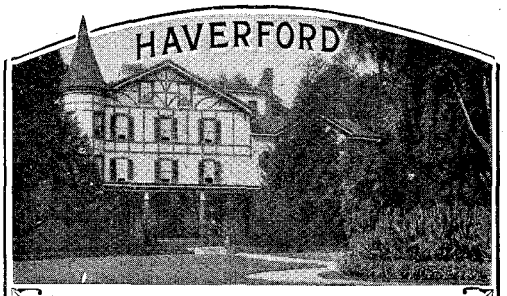

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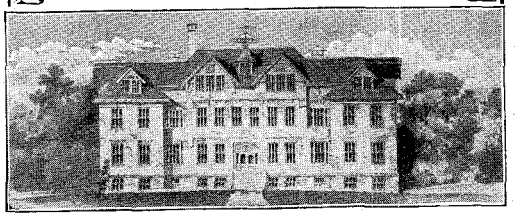

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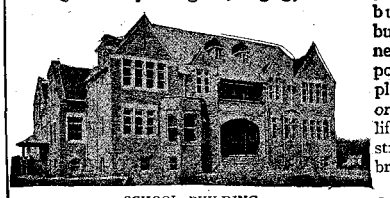

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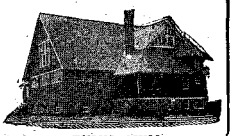

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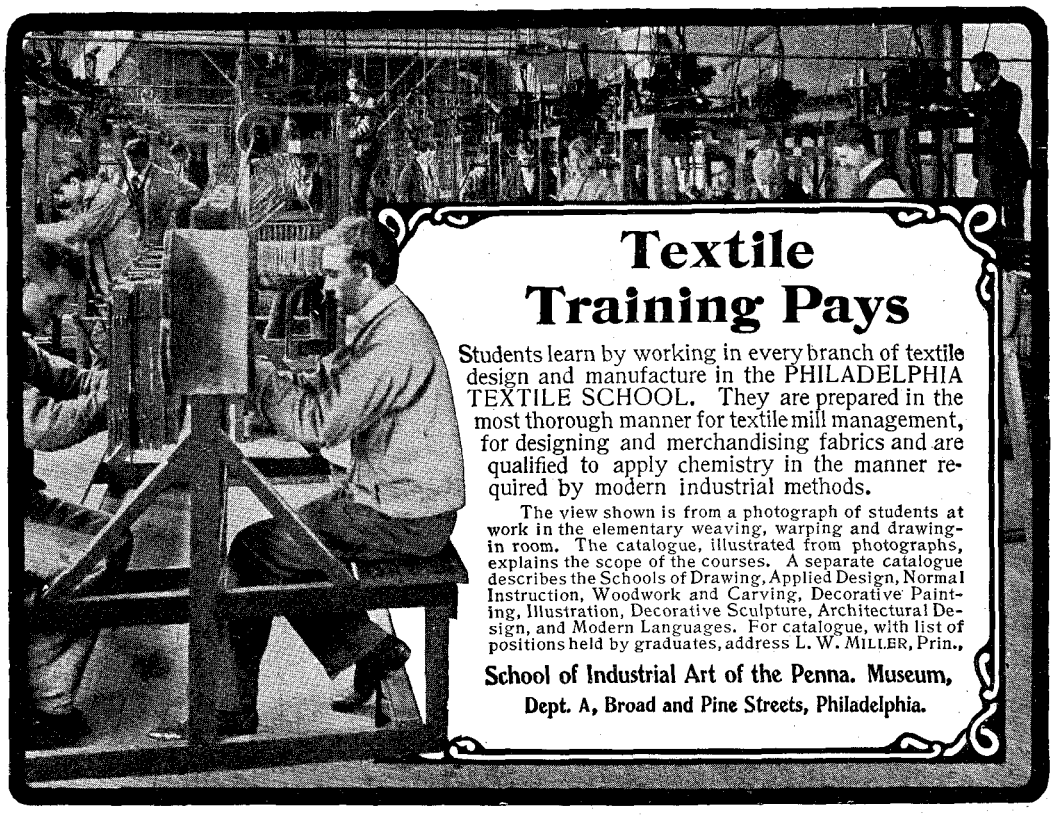

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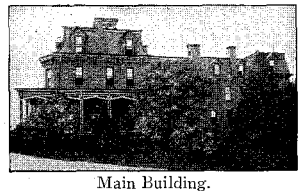

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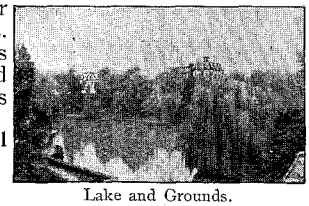

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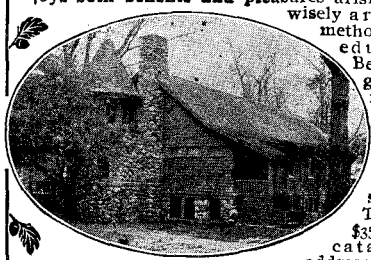

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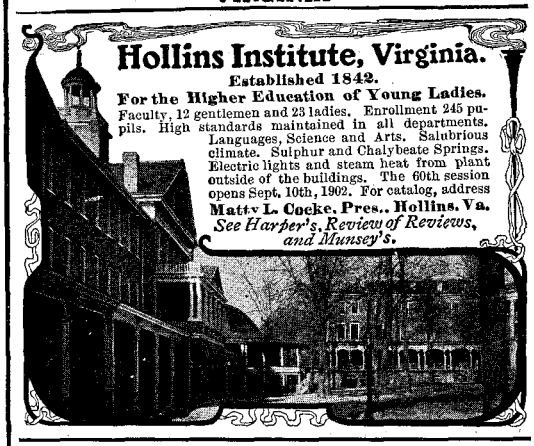

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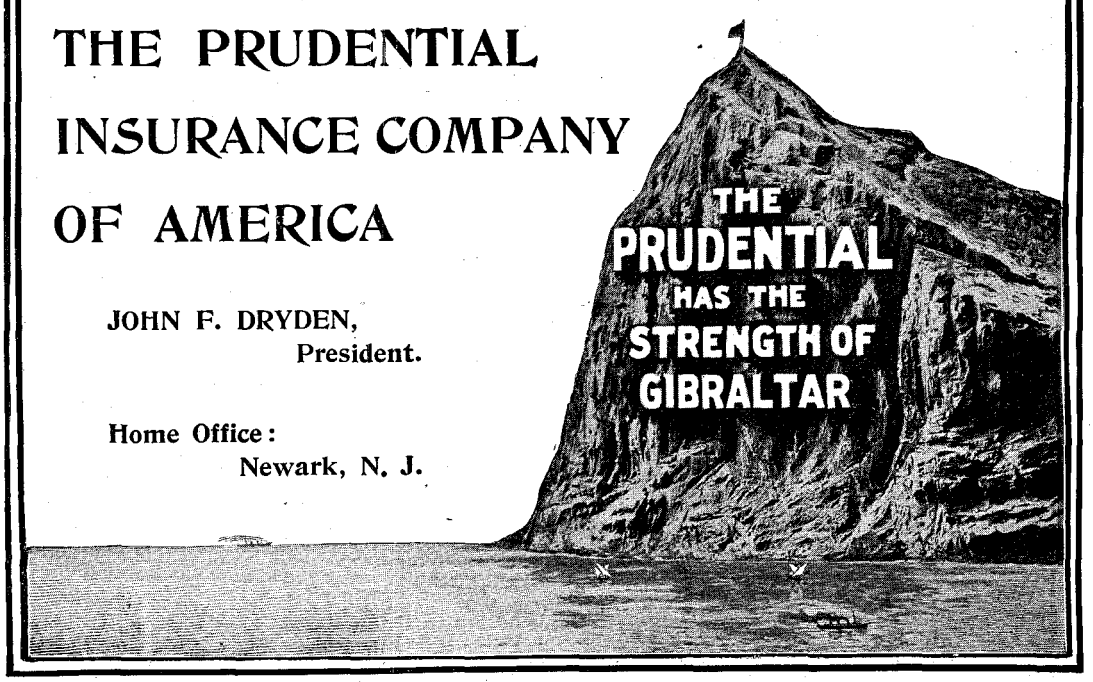

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